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Louise Thompson.

WORKS OF

LOUISE THOMPSON

POETRY AND PROSE

EDITED BY HER MOTHER

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTICE BY J. DOW HOUSTON

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DEDICATORY PAGE.

NOTE.—It was the purpose of the authoress, had she lived to see her book finished, to have dedicated it to her mother, M. A. Thompson, but as she did not write a dedicatory notice, a formal dedication must be omitted.

CONTENTS.

The Tulip Gazette ---- 1
Dr. Dartlark's Second Wife ---- 2
Letter from Dr. Dartlark to his Two Children at Home in America ---- 19
Dr. Dartlark Writes from Vienna to an Old College Friend at Home ---- 22
The Pitcher Under the Door-step ---- 26
The Christian Armor ---- 33
Queen Vashti ---- 35
Letter to My Most Worthy Friend, Ella Trimble ---- 37
To a Lady Friend and School-mate Anticipating a Trip to New York ---- 41
To Bella ---- 43
To a Dear Friend ---- 47
Dedicated to My Mother ---- 49
Forgetfulness ---- 51
Dead Hope ---- 53
When I Am Gone ---- 55
Lost and Found in a Crowded Depot ---- 59
A Dream of Death ---- 63
King David at the Gate ---- 68
A Seraph Serenade ---- 71
The Perfume of Lilacs ---- 77
To Bella ---- 80

March Snow-storm ---------- 88
Life in Death ---------- 91
First Love ---------- 93
Lines on the Centennial Anniversary of Alexander Campbell's Birth ---------- 96
Lines Written on the Death of My Little Angel Cousin, Elsie Thompson ---------- 99
Spring's Teachings; or God in Nature ---------- 101
Easter Memories ---------- 103
Rest ---------- 107
Social Inequality ---------- 109
My Little Lover ---------- 113
Fragments of Time ---------- 116
Gamaliel ---------- 117
Separation ---------- 120
To a Child Rarely Beautiful ---------- 124
Your Loss and Mine ---------- 128
Rash Judgment ---------- 131
Regrets ---------- 139
The Unsought Blessing ---------- 141
Tired ---------- 143
Hope and Despair ---------- 147
My Angel ---------- 150
Lord Byron ---------- 153
Allene ---------- 156
The Poet's Delay ---------- 167
Among the Water Lilies ---------- 171

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

"*Poeta nascitur non fit,*" expresses a truth that is abundantly verified in the case of the author of this book. These poems are purely the production of an inborn, poetic talent.

It has been said of poetry, that it has in it the least of objective purpose, the most of spontaneity, of all literature. This spontaneity is characteristic of all these pieces. They seem to have sprung as wild-flowers, in unstudied but beautiful carelessness, from the virgin-pure, unbroken and fertile soil of the young author's mind. They are beautiful for the reason that "nature unadorned is adorned the most."

To the lover of true poetry, there will be

the same pleasure in reading these pages as is experienced in finding a cluster of violets, daisies or forget-me-nots, while walking abroad in the meadows or in the upland woods; or in finding a cool spring in the crevice of a rock without the usual conveniences of cup or pump.

When the reader is apprised of the fact that on account of the extreme delicacy of health the author was unable to attend even the home school, he will be surprised at the wide range of thought and the deep knowledge of human nature that is displayed. Yet she was a great reader, and the works of the standard poets were her particular delight. Many of the finer poems she committed to memory. I have heard her repeat "Hiawatha" without a break.

She was passionately fond of the beautiful. She would go into ecstasies of delight at the sight of a rare sunset, or a fine bit of landscape. The religious emotions and feelings of reverential awe that were awakened within her at a beautiful sight or sound, and the accompany-

ing desire for perfect joy and peace, was her standing argument for God and immortality.

She was of a philanthropic bent, and it was her great desire, particularly toward the close of her life, to do some good for her kind. Being of a highly refined and sensitive nature, much of the means by which Christian work must be done, was such as she could not employ. For the same reason she looked upon the lower forms of life and the poorer ways of living with a very ill-concealed repugnance, but these both combined to give her a keen desire to elevate and bless.

It was a great desire of hers to write a book, and had she been spared, the literature of the world would likely have been much and valuably augmented. As it is, this little book is sent forth by her loving mother with the earnest prayer to Him who giveth and taketh away, that its mission may not be vain.

It is deeply regretted that some of the pieces are left unfinished, but they are in-

cluded, with the hope that the reader's imagination will complete the plot that was so well begun. J. Dow Houston.

Minerva, O., June 18, 1889.

LOUISE THOMPSON'S WORKS.

THE TULIP GAZETTE.*

A paper was written upon the high seas
The home-hungry voyager's heart to appease.
The paper was read all from manuscript page,
For no publisher there might they hope to engage.
The contributors all were selected by vote
Each day, and strange were the verses they wrote.
Some were descriptive of scenes far remote,
Others were copied from songs learned by rote.
Satire sometimes took the form of bold wit
That cared not for sensitive natures a whit.

* Unfinished.

Some sang of the feelings that melt the stout heart,
Such sorrows as love unreturned will impart.
The prose contributions I will not rehearse,
But will herein insert some thin fragments of verse,
That appeared in the transient-lived Tulip Gazette
Whose life 'neath the spray of the sea-foam is set.

DR. DARTLARK'S SECOND WIFE.

INTRODUCTION.

A portrait, not handsome but strongly defining
Firm features whose cut was somewhat inclining
Toward beauty of face, where beauty of mind
Transcendently beamed in outlines refined

And mobile it may be, for while they looked cold
And long worn, I doubt not that they could unfold
A secret possession as charming and mild
As artist e'er sketched on the face of a child.
Large eyes of wide azure, half-shaded by brows
Under which there flashed glances of fire to arouse
Respect from the scholar, affection from all—
Such was the portrait that hung on the wall
In the house of my friend who gave me the thread
Of this little romance to which I shall wed
A fancy or two to the facts I have learned—
Facts that have long on my frail fancy burned.
A man in the prime of his full manly powers
On whose future horizon no threatening lowers,
Whose face is a study, whose figure is slight,
Whose intellect widens with each morning's light,
Whose purse is not filled with dishonorable gold,
Whose honor can never be bought, nor be sold,

Whose opinion expressed can establish a fact,
Whose charity never for subjects has lacked;
His fame is so pure and untarnished and bright
That his presence is pleasure, his words fall with might,
Dispersing the darkness of many a night
Of affliction or ignorance, doubt or despair,
That weighed down some soul with the pressure of care.
Such is the fair hero I now will present—
A healer to troubled humanity lent.
'T is not his achievements nor services done
But affections, of which I have herein begun
To weave me a story, I trust will amuse
Some reader, whose mind it will strongly infuse
With love of the beautiful, honest and grand
With which we 're environed in this happy land.

Part First.

We will first meet our hero on European soil,
Whence he has fled from murderous toil—
Professional duties, with effort begun,
Which it now requires a hard struggle to shun.
His countenance tinges with rest and relief,
Although recreation with him has been brief.
He has finished the passage across the brave sea,
From New York, our metropolis, where Liberty
Waves a farewell to ocean-bound ships,
And presses a kiss on the ocean's cold lips.
He has landed in London, but not for the first
Time in life does that city's confusion now burst
In intricate uproar, now distant, now near,
Upon his tired senses and over-tasked ear.
Through streets half-familiar, like thoughts of the past
By dreamy surroundings upon the mind cast,

All shapeless and voiceless, the dream of a dream,
The substance of shadow, the ghost of a stream.
Along the thronged thoroughfares, to the hotel
Our hero was driven, while memories spell
Was deepening down on his half-haunted mind
Making him heedless, and making him blind
To the flash and the glitter of London's bold sights
Illumed by the blazes of thousands of lights.
When apart from the glitter and glare of the street
The Doctor began to mentally greet
Old scenes now remembered that night veiled from view
With the mist and the fog and the darkness she threw
In challenge against the devices of art
At whose bold appearance the dark gave a start,
Withdrawing to some more indistinct place
Where light would not seek her secrets to trace.
Alone in quiet, seclusion and peace

Of rented apartments enjoying release
From fear of annoyance, or unceasing work
A picture of memory boldly would lurk
In all his reflections and softly impart
The gentlest of sorrows unto his heart.
Sadly, yet painlessly, entered the thought
Of when but a few years ago he had brought
A companion whose presence was so full of light
That London had never before worn the night
To the Doctor's sad eyes, to him it now seemed
That "seeing he saw not," but drearily dreamed
That the darkness within cast the shadow of night
Without on a landscape that else had been bright.
He remembered the beautiful girl that had hung
With joy on his kisses, and how she had sung
The songs unforgotten thro' many a year—
Those ballads so sweet to love's gratified ear.
Exhausted from travel and saddened with grief
That was softened by time he sought the relief

Of slumber, that brought him a wonderful dream,
Or wafted it in on the strong narrow beam
Of light that streamed thro' the transom and fell
Undimmed on his face revealing the spell
That memory wrought on the dream-fastened sleep
That had fallen upon him so sound and so deep.
He dreamed of a scene that was misty with years—
Years that had covered its pleasures with tears:
On the deck of a steamer he sat with his bride,
The fair lovely creature, his heart's dearest pride;
The beauteous being, the contested prize
He had sought and had won; whose dark soulful eyes
Were answering questions in voiceless replies,
When from the seat of their refuge they rise.
He holds for a moment her velvety hand
While gazing afar on the heavens they stand
In thoughtless embrace unconscious of love.

He sees the threatening storm-cloud above
Spread hurriedly over the dark upper deep
That soon with commotion will groan and
weep.
Then memory fails his fancy to guide;
Over the fierce ocean battle they ride.
The sky and the sea in fury have met,
Their sternest powers in command are set
Against each other in fullest array;
They strike, they reel, and trembling they sway
To the force of an angry, powerful gale
That lashes the waves and makes them wail.
The dreamer, anxious, but self-possessed,
Earnestly tries to comfort the rest,
Whose terror and fast increasing fear
Wring from them shouts the deaf might hear.
But she, his beautiful, trembling bride
Silently clings to her lover's side.
The ship is foundered and thro' the sea
The passengers sink to eternity.
No, not all of that fated crowd
He dreams will wear the watery shroud,
For quick he jumps from the sinking ship,

Within his tightening death-strong grip
Holding the forms of two young girls—
One whose beautiful pale gold curls
Had never caressed his cheek before
But the other's had swept it o'er and o'er.
The light of a life-boat he could mark
Gliding along in the billowy dark;
The light that flashed from the angry sky
Revealed him, he thought as the boat passed by,
Then riding back on a baffled wave
It sought the perishing ones to save,
They were rescued then, the three, he thought
But when by the lightning flash he sought
To catch a glimpse of his bride's pale face
He saw it not in the fatal place
Where seemingly he had felt it beam
In anxious hope in that midnight dream.
But the face that was crowned with golden hair
Shone like a guardian angel there.
In fear the troubled dreamer awoke,
Day had crept in and softly broke
The dream that could not endure the light
But only haunted the hateful night.

The Home.

On a broad, shady street walled with houses of stone
There stands one of marble all gleaming alone
In the afternoon sun, that falls broad and strong
On its glass-studded front and the flowers that throng
The bay-window shading the pavement below,
A window where choicest of flowers that grow
Stand like pictures of beauty behind the thick glass
To those that glance upward in haste as they pass.
The high second story projects o'er the street,
Then slopes to the third where the plan is complete.
There are windows and gables and statues all o'er
The front, from the roof to the huge bronze front door.

The west side with bay windows lavishly hung
But mirrors the east where statues are swung
Above each projection of window and door
Until the skilled architect could do no more
With the still, dream-like beauty that sleeps in the stone
Till the sculptor unveils it a marvel full-grown.
Taste had carved out of a mountain of wealth
A grotto where flitted two pictures of health,
Like bright, restless fairies they went and they came
Behind the white glass where the sun's latest flame,
Revealed them, a girl and a jubilant boy
Irrepressible with the wildness of joy.
The taller one's face was pale, and her hair
Was blacker than I shall attempt to compare;
Her eyes, dark and lustrous and soft, never smiled,
But often her sweet rose-red lips were defiled
With a bright smile that scattered the charming repose
Of a mouth that suggested a red, half-blown rose.

The boy was blue eyed and fair-haired and gay,
Always pursuing his own thoughtless way.
In despite of the caution from auntie and nurse,
He seemed every day to be still growing worse.
Mischievous, restless, and active and strong,
He cared not if his way was right or was wrong,
But he was more noisy and restless and bright
Than careless of some other play-fellow's right.
There was an affection that seldom was seen
That grew and was rapidly strengthened between
These opposite children, one pensive and mild,
The other a boisterous, frolicsome child.
Alice was constant devotion to Ray,
And he in return adored her sweet way
Of covering up the forth-coming fun
He had in confidence gayly begun.
Aunt Margaret loved and petted and kissed
Them and often talked of how sadly they missed
The mother whose sad and premature death
Gave to the last-born her vanishing breath.
Then they spoke of the absent far over the sea,

Ray wishing that soon he might mount on his knee
And challenge him for a wrestle and fight
In which he could prove muscular might.
But Alice longed for the love and the praise
Of her beauty and grace and exquisite ways.
She loved to be petted and kissed and caressed,
'T was affection, not vanity, that she possessed
In such a wonderful, intense degree
That nothing, however amusing, could free
Her heart from the sadness his absence had brought
Who held her tenderest, happiest thought.
Now let us venture to partly explore
The interior mansion on the first floor.
We first find a spacious, marble-floored hall
So high that it echoes the foot-steps that fall
So softly that were they not sounded again
They would fall like the gentlest mid-summer rain.
At the foot of each sofa, in front of each door,
Rugs of rich coloring brightened the floor.

A huge Gothic window inset with stained glass
Thro' which tinted sunshine with effort could pass,
Was set like a gem in the high western wall
Of that shadowy, frescoed, vestibuled hall.
The stairway stood pointing a dim muffed hand
In earnest entreaty or gentle command
To the home life of frolic and pleasure and love
That dwelt on the next splendid story above,
The first where the dining room, office and hall
And kitchen pressed 'gainst the four-sided wall.
The second floor opens an exquisite plan
More homelike and beautiful than I here can
Explain under all the restrictions of verse,
But I shall attempt it, for better or worse.
In the parlor, that faces the broad, shady street,
We find everything unique and complete;
The chairs are of plush, pale blue, broad and low,
Just suited incomparable ease to bestow
On the occupant shrouded within their soft arms
Restfully drinking in ambient charms.

The high walls are gorgeous with paper and paint
And wood-carving both suggestive and quaint.
The broad mantel spreads its white open wings
As if to hear if the cricket still sings
On the hearth that is warmed by a far truer flame
Than ever in warm fitful radiance came
From under the bronze and chased silver and gold
That stands in pleasing relief strong and bold
On the wide marble shelf that shadows the hearth
On which resounds the wild voices of mirth.
Nursery, drawing-room, library, all
Answer necessity's loud, stirring call
From this one apartment, this grand, airy room,
So full of loveliness, sunshine and bloom.
From here we enter thro' huge folding-doors
A sleeping-room where the morning sun pours
Its first sloping beams upon the broad panes
Of windows whose glaring reflection constrains
The sleepers to rise with the wide-awake sun

That flings them a hint of the lessons and fun
That awaits the wakening of sun-lighted skies,
And opening of sky-blue and midnight-black eyes
Again the smooth floor is of marble so white
That it dazzles the eyes in the fair morning light;
The furniture, too, is the same spotless hue
Just brightened with gold, and the ceiling is blue
As the concave of heaven, o'er whose boundless arch
The nocturnal hosts in silence still march.
Two cots with gilt frames and draperies like snow
(In which two small sleepers to fairy land go
Each night in the soft fluffy garments that wrap
Two little dreamers in one night-long nap,)
Modestly nestle obscurely behind
Long flowing curtains with gold rings confined
To let in the sweet, life-bearing air
Freely to circulate health everywhere.
Here a museum of relics find space
To add to the beauty and free careless grace

Of a house where nothing is set up for show
But everything used some service to know.
A door in the side of the massive west wall
Leads to the bath at the head of the hall.
The walls of the bath room are padded so well
That all the confusion within they can quell.
Beyond these apartments we find but two more,
Both with rich painted walls and carpeted floor.
Now let us not here attempt to explore
The rooms that divide the airy third floor.
We have hastily pictured the inner design
Of this happy home along each limping line.
Remembering all we have seen at a glance,
We will pass on and come again sometime, perchance.

Letter from Dr. Dartlark to his two Children at Home in America.

My little treasures, I have crossed the sea,
And soon on the continent hope to be;
London has made me so deeply depressed
That I long as much as ever for rest.
To Germany next I intend to go
Where nothing familiar, I trust, can throw
A blight o'er my spirits and make me sad,
For I was a light-hearted, reckless lad
When Vienna became my transient home
Long ago, ere I ceased the world to roam
With spirits as gay as the singing bird
That perched in the branch above me I heard.
Some youth still lives in my heart, I think,
Although I feel it in sadness sink
So low sometimes that it leaves no trace
Of its presence upon my care-worn face.
I think of you always, my little pets,

Your absence causes my saddest regrets;
I need you with me to warm and to cheer
My life that without you will soon grow sere.
Yes, I need you worse than my pets need me,
In truth, I believe, I would rather be
This minute a slave to duties that wait
For my coming beside my mansion gate,
Than be from home, love and pleasures free
A rover, far over the grand old sea.
But just remember, my little dears,
That papa will not stay away for years;
But before I come home I must go to France,
To get my darling a doll that can dance.
My little man, I shall not forget you,
But will bring you something so fine and new
That your bright blue eyes will darken and smile
Till all my cares they will quickly beguile.
Good-bye, dear children, be good and kind,
And always, cheerfully, "Auntie" mind.
She will read you all I have hurriedly said,
And kiss you for me when she tucks you to bed.

Don't fail to remember your evening prayer,
Nor forget in the morning to thank Him for
care
That kept you unharmed thro' the darkness of
night
And brought you again the sweet morning
light.
When tempted to do whatever is wrong,
Remember the words of your cradle song,
The song with such loving memories fraught
That I to my birdies in tears have taught.
And when you feel tired and lonely and sad,
Look on the portrait whose face is so glad;
The smile of your mother's soft dark eyes
Will remind you of warm October skies.
And gazing upon her pure, bright face
You may borrow a touch of its gentle grace.
Forget not the wreath of flowers to renew
Each day, and keep forever in view
The pictured face so much like your own,
Except that it is some older grown.
The dinner hour is now drawing nigh,
Compelling me here to say Good-bye.

Dr. Dartlark Writes from Vienna to an Old College Friend at Home.

My dear fellow, you doubtless will startle to learn
That I have decided to quickly return
From this grand old city where once I would cling
Unmindful of loss that such leisure would bring.
I met an American the other day
Whose acquaintance is cause of my limited stay;
'T was but a coincidence that led me near
To the place where the change in my plans does appear.
I met at the opera one that I knew
When a boy, and our friendship we soon did renew.
Thro' him, in a few days his party I met,
And one of them made me deeply regret
That I could not join them and travel thro' France,

And make the home voyage with them, too, perchance.
June Reynolds, a ravishing, golden-haired girl,
Is the being that set my plans all a-whirl.
She was finished in music last year at Stuttgart;
All nice technicalities there they impart.
Her name but suggests what I find her to be—
A June crowned with roses and sunshine for me;
A bird that can soar in her songs to the skies,
Whose every note is a new, sweet surprise.
No nightingale she, but a brave singing lark;
A Dartlark. I 'd have her to banish the dark
That I 've worn in my heart thro' a long, rayless night
On which is now dawning the morning twilight.
One month from to-day I hope to embark
On the "Tulip," from Havre, with this singing, lark.
The party to which she at present belongs
Are all unfamiliar with her native songs;
At Paris a chaperon cousin will claim
Full power to govern—it may be to blame
This butterfly beauty at last out of school,

Whom I call an exception, instead of the rule.
Time had dragged lazily onward with me
Since I last crossed o'er the blue, belching sea.
Until here the winter I felt, changed to June
And life has since been one soul-stirring tune.
The full-orbed and silver-faced, soft-shining moon,
Yields to the florid-faced morning too soon;
The morn sinks too rapidly into the noon
To one who may bask in the sunshine of June.
The bright violin and the plaintive guitar
Are stirred to performance by this little star.
The violin wails like a soul in distress;
Then softens and ripples like laughter, no less.
Her soul thro' her fingertips touches the strings
And out of their mysteries voices it brings,
That speak of the tender, impassioned and mild,
Then wail like a turbulent, heart-broken child.
She plays with closed eyes; like a statue she stands,
Motionless all but her magical hands;
Except that sometimes she sways to the sounds
That govern her mood as the cadence resounds

In the quivering string that thrill to the touch
That strikes some full melodies almost too much
For the listening ear to catch and endure—
So wide is the range of that music, so pure.
Her low-voiced guitar keeps time to the airs
That have drowned the whimpering voices of cares.
We drift down the Danube at sunset in time,
To music that blends with musical rhyme.
Her beautiful hair hangs in loose golden braids
Gleaming and paling in lights and in shades.
Her eyes are the stars that I see in the wave,
Her presence the sunshine I constantly crave.
All this I have told you to her is unknown,
Stealthily, noiselessly, love's seed was sown.
Out of the fullness of love that I feel
I will not to her one impulse reveal ;
For she 's airy and haughty, tho' charming and sweet,
And should I proclaim my love I might meet
A shower of refusals and be laughed to scorn
And sent from her presence heart-empty, forlorn.

I thought when I took up my pen I would write
To you of the changes that here meet my sight,
But the change in my plans is as far as I 've gone
In that line of thought, and I can not go on ;
For a binding engagement approaches the hour
That calls me to visit my friends at the Tower.
Good-bye, dear old fellow; remember to call
As soon as I 'm home, and I promise you all
The annals I 've gathered on ocean and land,
And a warm, welcome clasp of an old partner's hand.
Remember the day we intend to embark,
And watch for your faithful friend,

HIRAM DARTLARK.

THE PITCHER UNDER THE DOORSTEP.

Out in the dusk of a winter's evening
A boy was sent to the old town well
That had quenched the thirst of town and traveler
More often than anyone could tell.

But it did not greet the empty pitcher
That was given in *trust* for him to fill
Who hid it beneath the clumsy platform
Of steps that led from the old doorsill.

He came not back with the ice-cold water
For which they longed as they all sat down
To the evening meal at which was missing,
The jolliest boy in all the town.

They knew his thoughtless, careless nature,
And never dreamed they of loss nor harm,
Until the evening far advancing
Began to waken a faint alarm.

In every heart within that crescent
That shaped itself around the fire
Could not dismiss the anxious question
That of the absent one would inquire.

Long ere the midnight crept upon them
His brothers had sought him every place
Where he was wont to spend the evening,
But found not the one familiar face

For which they kept on blindly searching
Until, disheartened, they let despair
Replace their hope of finding the brother
That had been their constant, hopeful care.

His mother ever praying, watching
With saddened eyes for her child's return,
Felt a comfortless, hopeless sorrow
Down deep within her bosom burn.

Years kept covering up his absence
With deeper shadows as time went on,
Until at last she ceased her praying
And counted him *one* forever gone.

Faithful and true the waiting pitcher
Kept its secret thro' many years,
Catching as tho' it were the water
That fell from longing eyes in tears.

What warm hand is it that now closes
Around its handles? It is the hand
That placed it there and now is seeking
To quietly obey the light command

He left unheeded, when adventure
Urged him to leave the pitcher there;
And now he has come in prime of manhood
To answer his mother's silent prayer.

Up to the well in the dusky twilight
The rover goes unknown, unseen,
And fills the empty china vessel
With all the promise that grew between

That hour and when he wandered from them,
The dear ones where he now would meet
If there remained one anxious watcher
That he with old-time love could greet.

He did not enter like a stranger
By tapping at the firm-closed door,
But opened it and crossed the threshold
Just as he oft had done before.

"I've filled the pitcher and have brought it
All dripping from the well at last,
And now let's drink unto the present
Forgetful of the painful past."

So said the prodigal, and seizing
A goblet from the well-spread board
Where sat the little group in wonder,
He carelessly and gayly poured

The shining goblet to o'erflowing
Before their wonder-stricken eyes,
That saw as from the grave the absent
Before them suddenly arise.

They put no ring upon his finger,
Nor did they kill the fatted calf,
But only offered him a supper
Of which there now remained not half.

The viands that had deen provided
For that informal evening meal
Whose unexpected, startling sequel
Had such a secret to reveal.

They all regarded him with wonder
More than with love and warm esteem;
'T was all so sudden and romantic
They still believed it half a dream.

If he had come before they buried
The spark of hope so long gone out,
He would have met a warmer welcome,
And one more loving I 've no doubt.

But while they sought him he had idled
Away the timeliest of all times
In which to come and seek their pardon;
But still he clung to other climes,

Enjoying gain in silent pleasure
And hoarding all his secrets up
To pour them out some distant evening
Into that flashing, crystal cup.

He felt a want of perfect welcome
Unto his long-abandoned home:
He had expected love and pardon,
And never more again to roam.

But they who labored late and early
In search of him they could not find,
Found not among his thoughtless actions
A golden link their hearts to bind

To him, and soon again he wandered
Away as he had done before,
And all his dreams of home had faded
Just as *their* longings all were o'er.

But when he died he left them riches
That he from other hands had wrung,
As a memento of remembrance
The relics of his labors hung

Before cold eyes that coldly viewed them
As wages for some service done,
For some misguided and unthankful,
Unfeeling and unpardoned one.

Oh, you who have an active duty
Before you, do not thus delay
To execute the well-known service
In the prescribed and proper way.

Some scheme may seize upon your fancy
And paint a most entrancing scene,
But it will fade if you let distance
Of years of waiting intervene

Between the coming of your knowledge
Of duty that you justly owe
And the performance of that duty
That with the speed of time must grow.

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

"Put on the whole armor of God" (Eph. vi. 11).

How strong and safe the warrior
In armor firm and whole!
The perfect, shining armor
Of God about the soul,
Withstanding in the evil day,
The host of sin in mad array.

Then stand erect, undaunted;
Supported by the truth,
And having on the breastplate,
Of righteousness and truth,
The enemies sin-poisoned dart,
Can never pierce your shielded heart.

Bind on the preparation
Of gospel peace so sweet;
Unto the tired and wayworn
Disciples' bleeding feet.
When with such soft-soled sandals shod,
The roughest way is smooth toward God

But enter not the conflict
Upon the foeman's field
Without the precious metal
Of faith's defiant shield
It quick can quench the darts of wrong
That hiss through air the field along.

Then take the given helmet,
Salvation sweet and sure,
And then the sword of Spirit,
The word which shall endure
When heaven and earth have passed away
In heat of that great unknown day.

QUEEN VASHTI.

[Written upon reading the fifth of Dr. Talmage's "Series of Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men."]

Hail Vashti! in thy gem-bedewed attire
Of Persia's richest fabrics richly wrought,
With studied art and strong æsthetic thought,
That struggling to excel could mount no longer
Toward the fair perfection of design,
But in thy royal garments reached the height
Of peerless beauty in each graceful line
Of gorgeous coloring and blended light.

Fair happy queen of envied rank and state,
Thou wert the fairest and the first to fade
Of all the tender blossoms that were made
The victim of an early blasting fate;
For still the palace gardens bright with bloom
Rejoice in royal sunshine and sweet shade,
But on thy cheek the rose is dead with gloom;
Thy life, a spray torn from the parent blade

Lies withering under heat of burning scorn,
And weight of loss, undreaded ere that hour
That robbed thee of thy throne and of thy dower,
And made of thee an outcast, homeless and
forlorn.

Methinks I hear thee in thy fullest grief
Speak comfort unto thy poor outraged heart,
And with reflection some new hope impart;
Some peaceful hope born of thy stout belief
In justice and in virtue's untold might,
For that thou hast been blameless and done right
Throws all about thy darkened life a light
More pure and penetrating and more bright

Than light of silver dripping over ivory stairs
On shields of gold ; there is a native throne
Of more than oriental treasure where is known
To thee, thy monarch mind, where time prepares
A banquet for thy loneliness, a feast
For thy heart-hunger, and sweet, plaintive songs
For thy brave silence, voiceless of thy wrongs
Of that stern law, that binds the unreleased.

LETTER TO MY MOST WORTHY FRIEND, ELLA TRIMBLE.

[Written December 10, 1887.]

When thinking how to answer your kind letter,
My heart advised me to command and fetter
My scattered thoughts in verse, however plain,
Prosaic, dull may sound the random strain.

I hope hereby to state in modern verse,
The plans I 've made for better or for worse.
My opportunities are quite hedged in,
It seems that all my hopes can ever win

Is disappointment; still I strive to feel
That in the balance scales of woe and weal
The latter shows a ponderous per cent.
Of happiness and blessings kindly lent.

My latest resolution forms this plan:
I now will do whatever best I can,
Nor think of the proverbial "Might have been."
I hope so much that you will soon begin

To grow quite well, and find such pleasure
Within Time's gala groves of hazy leisure,
As will refresh your mind, regale your weary
members,
So that you 'll find no more such dull Decembers.

You know that we are both distinguished talkers,
And had I found you in at Dr. Walker's—
The effect of such a meeting is uncertain ;
We surely would have raised the transient cur-
tain

On phantom hopes and happiness ethereal,
And quite forgotten matters more material.
I find you much in favor of the land
That hugs with warm embrace the tropic band ;

You love its warmth and spicy flowers.
There may be many haunted bowers
That breathe in whispers to the birds
That nestle in them of the words

That fell like sweetest echo softly carried
Upon your heart and that there has tarried.

I fear the South land holds a captive heart;
At least it claims a mighty part

Of your affections; for your mind
Seems almost hopelessly entwined
About a hope that points a patient finger
To where the pleasant South winds sigh to linger.

I wish you well, where'er your fancies lead you,
Although I always feel how much I need
you
Near to my heart, before my adoring eyes,
For in your very presence sweetest influence lies.

You have many loving hearts to gladden,
Some loving ones you needs must sadden;
What is my loss counts for another's gain,
But this can ne'er my longings quite restrain.

And now I shall not see you ere the dawn
Of the approaching birthday morn
Of our once dead, now risen Friend,
And so I herein wish to send

My Christmas wish for the present year:
I wish you every blessing and good cheer.
If there be any happiness adrift
With powers so potent it can rift

The gloom that hangs about affliction's seat,
I trust that it may make your joys complete.
May Friendship's gifts be strewn with lavish splendor
About your heart, and all that 's gay and tender

Within you be aroused to live in tune
With Xmas bells or singing birds in June;
I know your cup of pleasure will run over
If from each point where you may claim a lover

The silent yearnings of a mute devotion
Finds heart's ease in the happy notion
Of speaking love through voiceless things—
Such pretty things as Xmas brings.

I hope to soon receive a letter
From you, and promise to do better

The next time I attempt to write.
I now will have to say, good night;

Trust me your most devoted friend,
And one whose love can never end.
Write just as often as you please
To your admiring friend,

LOUISE.

Mailed December 20, 1887.

TO A LADY FRIEND AND SCHOOL-MATE ANTICIPATING A TRIP TO NEW YORK.

[Farewell Greeting, Summer of 1888.]

Fair friend, we greet thy coming absence;
Although we 'll miss your happy face,
We would not rob you of the pleasure
Of travel, though we mourn each trace
That hints of when you were among us
In budding womanhood that grew

In breath of praise and shower of favor
That on your life rare promise threw.

You have done well; we grant you respite
From active usefulness awhile;
Go, breathe the sweet Atlantic breezes,
And charm New Yorkers with your smile.
No one, we're sure, could do more credit
To those you there will represent;
And so we're glad your leisure season
Will be so gladly, gayly spent.

You are alive to sense of beauty—
They say that what we bring we find;
Hence all that's grand in art and nature
Will meet reflection in your mind.
We know your life to be so fearless
And daring in your mind's firm might;
Yours is a spirit all undaunted
That strives for intellectual light,

And will not waver, though mean barriers
Arise to hide you from success;

We know you will not stop at failure
By looking on the shapeless strife.
A little trip, a few months' visit
What sequel holds it? Who can tell?
The happiest, gayest, best and brightest,
We wish for thee, sweet friend, farewell.
We bid farewell.

TO BELLA.

[Dedicatory.]

'T is sweetest joy for me to know
That on your own home hearth will glow
The fire your love has lit,
That in the love-sick eventide
You 'll undisturbed sit side by side
And watch the shadows flit
Across the shadow-painted floor,
Nor fear some stranger at the door
Will catch the secret sweets

Of treasured nothings, softly said
In boldest confidence, instead
Of fluttering heart-beats,
Lest some chance lover's whispered word
By alien ears might be o'erheard
And lost on breath of scorn;—
'T is true that dread of such alarm
Does Hymen's lovers untold harm
And murders joys unborn.

Yes, little woman, girlish wife,
I think 't is best your wedded life
Be thus alone begun,
Your sweet, resplendent, love-bright home!
What captive man could wish to roam
From such a happy one?

Not he, I 'm sure, who placed you there,
A queen upon a throne so fair
And one so absolute;
Your lives their empire and their throne
Have both to one in union grown
From clasped and blended root—

Affection's root by some frail chance
Of fate, or natural circumstance,
From germ to blossom grown.

The fragrance of its opening flower
Will sweeter grow from hour to hour,
Until it stands full-blown,
A perfect plant of changeless hue,
That waves its broad leaves over you,
And casts its petals free
About your feet in playful haste;
Not one shall suffer loss or waste,
Nor rob the parent tree

Of loveliness nor lavish grace.
Perpetual summer will replace
The present for the past,
And when in future you look back
Upon the blossom-scattered track
Of pleasures Time has cast,
You 'll wonder that so small a seed
Should grow and tower above the weed
Of coarser worldly things.

And if its shadow floats upon
The earth beneath, it is the dawn
Of memory it brings.
Yes, I am glad that love's warm power
Shall coax the bud into the flower
Beneath home's happy skies;
No foreign breeze shall waft its blooms
Beyond your own familiar rooms,
Where sway the silken ties—

The twisted cord of blended lives
That circumstance still lifts and drives,
But can not e'er divide
The threads, whose union make their strength,
All down the interwoven length
That spans life's restless tide.

TO A DEAR FRIEND.

One day when my books grew tiresome
And life wore a dull-grey hue,
And my thoughts were sometimes gloomy,
And sometimes rested on you,

You came and sat by my window,
Nor seemed you in haste to go,
But quietly sat and rested
While we watched the wavelets throw

Their transient but true caresses
Upon the out-reaching shore,
That a sheen of evening sunlight
Quietly, smilingly wore.

Peace hovered above the landscape,
And soothed the breast of the lake,
And silently thro' my nature
I felt a new peace awake,

A peace that was sweet tho' saddened,
For at times your words were sad,
But I felt my heart drawn nearer
To you by the grief you had.

There was that in your quiet presence
That silently filled my soul
With a joy that was new and mighty
As the tides that leeward roll.

Life, earth, air, waves and sunlight
All glowed with a new-caught ray,
And night in starless darkness
Seemed only a softer day.

For the light *within* was steadfast,
Over all it glanced and shone,
And nowhere howe'er lonely
Did I feel myself alone.

The life that I oft had valued
An indigent gift at best,
Grew marvelous then and cherished—
I felt that it had been blessed.

Now I know why I had not cherished
The life that has grown so sweet;
'T was because Time had not chosen
Its perfectness to complete.

But now I have felt its fullness—
Such rapture as love can give,
And I crave no other portion
Than always *to love and live.*
September 25, 1888.

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER.

Of mother love what is there yet untold
More than the coming cycles can unfold
Of sacrifice and service so divine,
So true and so unselfishly sublime
That tongue nor pen may answer the demand
For utterance of gratitude, nor say
How great the service done, how smooth the way
O'er which we go when guided by her hand,

Who smoothed the earliest wrinkles from our cot
And never our great baby griefs forgot.
My mother's faithful service for her child
Has left me of life's sorest ills beguiled;
And hers has been a never-ceasing care
So often heightened by the dark despair
Of separation which she thought she could not bear.
She said, if He would in his mercy spare
Her from that grief, the burden of her prayer—

The prayer that's been my constant unseen guide
When tempted far away by foolish pride,
Away from home and precious mother's side
Into the world so cruel, cold and wide.

It must be in answer to her earnest prayer
This growing tenderness I feel,
Which I have often tried to half conceal
Thinking to tell her all sometime, somewhere,
But ever timid yielded to delay,

Until I chanced to light upon this way
Of easy utterance to crowded thought,
So long confined and rich with comfort fraught
For her whose searching love has sought
That boon, more precious far than aught
Of priceless treasure freely brought
Unto her feet and heaped above her high
As soaring eagle could attempt to fly.

FORGETFULNESS.

I.

Great and fair are the unsought treasures,
Rich the forgotten beauties that rest,
And many the unremembered pleasures
That slumber within oblivion's breast.

II.

Few are the pangs that seek to slumber,
Pleasures like dew on the wild flowers melt,
And sorrows so far exceed in number
The happiness that our hearts have felt.

III.

Then sweet are the things that Time has hidden
Beneath oblivion's cold, dark waves,
And bitter the things that come forbidden
From memory's half-made, open graves.

IV.

Why bury the dearest and the sweetest
Of life's best gifts in forgetfulness?
For pain is slowest and pleasure fleetest
Of all emotions that curse or bless.

V.

I 'll snatch swift pleasures from hidden places,
And bury grief 'neath the magic stream
That covers forever and effaces
The treasures that lie 'neath its sullen gleam.

VI.

I 'll wear on my heart a wreath of roses,
And cast to the waves the thorns they wear;
There where beauty and joy reposes,
I 'll fling the evil and keep the fair.

DEAD HOPE.

The storm has passed o'er lake and land
And left the lifeless chill of death
Along its course where wailing stand
The wood, stirred by its fitful breath.

The clouds have swept in haste away;
They could not rest upon the lake
In peace reflected where they play
The winds that over its bosom break.

Winds wail and waves moan on the shore,
And all is chill and saddening;
The earth has lost the smile she wore,
The air is laden with a sting.

My soul is chilled, too, and grief-tossed
The storm has burst and passed it o'er
And now it waits for hopes love lost
Upon Time's far-stretched, treacherous shore.

Some hearts grow hand in hand with pain;
While suffering they still enjoy
A pleasure they alone attain,
And one no future can destroy.

The shadows float upon the lawn,
Creations of the sun and shade,
So joy and sadness rest upon
My heart with shadows overlaid.

Sweet eyes have looked beyond my own
And left their sunshine in my heart,
Whose cold, swift glances now disown
The love they once did well impart.

A loving clasp from soft, warm hands,
Still unforgotten now is all
That thrills the chords it still commands,
And wakens thoughts beyond recall.

My heart is heavy, sad and sore,
But will not, can not hate nor blame
The one it loved, loves ever more
In tenderness and truth the same.

Ache on, poor, unloved, clinging heart,
But keep thy secret well secured;
Estrangement has no keener dart,
Than that which now has been endured.
Lakewood, N. Y., August 22, 1888.

WHEN I AM GONE.

[Dedicated to my Mother.]

When I have shed the worn-out husk
In which my mortal life did dwell,
And in the evening sombre dusk
You sit and yield unto the spell
Of mournful memories that speak
Of when you kissed my death-cold cheek
And wailed your saddest, last farewell,
Remember then that my desire
Is not that you should nurture grief,
But following rosy hope mount higher,
On trusting love and strong belief;
And, knowing that the state of death

Is but suspension of our breath,
Accept the truth that yields relief
From hopeless sorrow; for we know
That separation will not last
Thro' vast eternity, and though
It does a fleeting shadow cast
On hearts bereft of much-loved friends,
They 'll be the happier when it ends,
And glow the brighter when 't is past.
If day should ne'er fade into night
But hang forever in the sky,
Our eyes would ache from constant light;
For restful darkness soon we 'd sigh.
We soon would be at bitter strife
Against the safeguard of our life,
And, overcome with sunshine, die.
And so 't would be if we were free
From death's cold darkened sleep;
The light of God's eternity
Will fall on those who weep
The shadows of their hearts away,
With purer and more steadfast ray;
And joy, more rich and deep,

Than can be known to those whose eyes
Were dazzled by the blinding rays
Of happiness from pleasure's skies,
That were with joy ablaze,
So constantly they could not see
A shadow of the agony
Of Christ before their gaze.
When I am gone I know your heart
Will sadden with a silent woe,
And oft your willful teardrops start
To ease the pain that burns below.
Then when your thoughts are dark and sad
Let hope steal in and make them glad
With light of truth in heaven's glow;
With charity's employment sweet
Beguile the tediousness of years;
'T will make your grief with joy replete
And change the bitter salt of tears
To sweetest sadness, while you live
For duty, and ungrudging give
Your service to the faith that rears
A monument of noble deeds
Of adamantine firmness set

Upon the pedestal of needs,
Hoe-shaped and rough and dripping wet
With tears of sympathy from heaven,
From out of sorrow's storm-clouds driven
By blast of loss with patience met.
Yield not to sombre, selfish grief,
But rather labor and aspire
To lend some failing soul relief,
And start again the dying fire
Of love within some frozen breast;
For after labor cometh rest
And service that can never tire.

Mourn not for me as one whose soul
Is past the mercy of His grace;
The silver cord and golden bowl
Of life I trust He will replace,
Where naught can loose the cord, nor break
The golden bowl, when I awake
To see the beauties of His face.

LOST AND FOUND IN A CROWDED DEPOT.

One winter evening about dusk, a little boy stood apart from the jostling crowd, sobbing violently; no one seemed to notice the child, nor be stirred to pity by his distress. Every one was intent on going or coming; policemen were busy at the gates and entrances, for it was the evening hour of out-going and in-coming trains, and the passing travelers in their indiscriminate movements formed a veritable human vortex. Presently there emerged from this conglomerate mass of humanity a very stately lady dressed in deep mourning and having about her an air of ease and deliberation. No sooner had she entered the department in which the sobbing child stood than she approached him and commenced questioning him; his answers, however, were very unsatisfactory at first. He could neither tell his name nor that

of the place in which he had lived. But he said he had come a long way on a big buzzing train and that his papa had started with him, and once, when the train stopped for just a little while, his papa said he would go out and get him something to eat, but he never came back, and then, looking imploringly through his tears at his lately found friend, the famished child said: "I never got anything to eat for he didn't come back, and I'm hungry yet." "Come with me and we will find plenty for hungry little boys to eat," she said, taking his hand in hers and leading him to the eating room.

After having satisfied his hunger, the nameless child fell asleep almost before his benefactress could conduct him to the ladies' waiting room.

It was a complete relaxation of his tired nerves and famished system, and he slept a heavy sleep that was hard to break. Mrs. Mason, the child's new protectress, was glad that he slept, for she wished to study his face before

deciding upon any future course in regard to him. As he lay with his head resting on her lap and his little limbs stretched upon the sofa upon which she sat, she gazed at his sleeping face and thought it very pretty. His long, brown lashes shadowed smooth, rounded cheeks that were pale only from the fatigue he had endured. His nose was slightly aquiline and his chin firm. His mouth had all the tender curves and rosy sweetness that make girls lips so sweet to kiss, and Mrs Mason noticed this, thinking how indicative it was of affection, the love of pleasure and cheerfulness, and how the manlier qualities were wanting in the child's physiognomy.

Mrs. Mason had to wait at the depot several hours in order to make the desired connection, and she let the little sleeper have a long undisturbed nap. When he awoke at last she commenced trying artfully to get his name and his story. "Well, Georgie, did you have a nice nap?" she said, as the little fellow drew himself up and tried to rub the sleep from his

eyes. He looked at her wonderingly for a moment and then said with lofty emphasis: "Georgie isn't my name! my name is Hugh." "Oh, certainly, I just made a little mistake, that is all. I shall always call you Hugh hereafter, but what else shall I call you? You have two names, haven't you?" inquired Mrs. Mason. "Yes, I have three: Hugh Eastley Whitney is my name; that's my name and mamma's and papa's name all put together," exclaimed Hugh. "Well, now let me see, where did you say you lived?" "We live in the city," returned Hugh, with the consciousness that his answer had given complete satisfaction. "But what is the name of the city," asked Mrs. M. "It's 'the city,' that's what papa and mamma always said," answered Hugh conclusively, and it was many years before Mrs. Mason learned the name of that city. "Are you going to take me home?" inquired Hugh, as he was lifted up to the platform on Mrs. Mason's home-bound train. "Yes, dear," she said, "we are going home." "*Oh*, I don't

want to go back there any more, he beats us so; please *don't* take me home!" "Hush, child," whispered Mrs. Mason, "I'll take you to *my* home, and he wont find you there." Hugh fell to wondering about his new home and, in the silence of his reveries, he fell asleep, nor did he again waken, until the train stopped in the city of his new home.

UNFINISHED.

[Written about six weeks before the death of the writer, this being her last production. Her health failed so rapidly that she was not able to complete it. It was a story for boys, intended for the *Youths' Companion.*

A DREAM OF DEATH.

I, wandering down life's taper lane
'Mong thorns and flowers it doth contain,
Grew weary in each trembling limb
And looking on the distant, dim,
Uncertain way, I grew so faint
I paused and uttered this complaint:

"Oh, life, thou art so long and drear;
Along thy path such ills appear;
My heart is sick, I'm dizzy grown,
The way is dark and I alone,
My hope and energy are gone—
I can not—care not to go on.

I sat down on a shady mound
And gazed, half blindly, all around;
The lane of life was closed and barred,
And death approached with kind regard.

He wore a splendid restful dress;
His countenance was comeliness,
His brow was pale, but sweet, serene,
And gentle were his voice and mien.
He paused a little off from me
Beneath the umbrage of a tree,

And from that point he fixed his gaze
On me, thro' the thick stiffling haze,
I felt its mighty, quiet charm,
But felt no fear, pain or alarm.

I thought that should death deign to keep
His eyes on me I soon could sleep,
Nor wake again to tread the sod
I oft so wearily had trod.

I wished that death would come more near,
His presence filled my heart with cheer;
But soon he rose and soon withdrew.
I had no heart to then renew

My journey down life's narrow lane,
But could no longer there remain,
So I arose and journeyed on
Tho' weak and frail, and sad and wan.

The skies began to smile and beam—
(I thought perhaps I'd had a dream)
My weariness I felt no more
All wayside rest I did ignore.

The robin carolled out his song
As by his perch I passed along,
The blossoms that my eager feet
Trod down, sent out a fragrance sweet.

The air once stiff with that thick haze,
Was warm with love and stirred with praise.
My heart grew stout and glad and gay
As I pursued life's pleasant way.

Some like myself had grown so tired
That without rest they had expired.
I saw them resting in the shade
And unto them, at length I made
A sign for them to follow me,
I craved their helpful company.

Then leisurely in groups we went,
And each one did in turns invent
Some pastime for the restless crowd
Whose mirth grew freer and more loud;
And others came up from the rear
And joined us in our mirth and cheer.

I almost wished the wicket gate
Might not be reached, or not till late;
I wished life's lane had been a ring,
Or some eternal, endless thing.

A thousand years were not too much
Nay not enough of pleasure such
As filled my heart and charmed my eyes,
Earth seemed to me a Paradise
Embedded in a mass of bloom
That flung the rich breath of perfume
Upon the sweet, carressing air;
I saw the shadow of a snare.

Before me then I saw arise
A face that had familiar eyes,
But then a different countenance wore.
Where had I seen that face before?

Ah, I remembered, it had shone
On me, when sad and all alone,
I rested by the green roadside,
When noon to me was eventide;
But still I thought how very strange
That there should be so great a change

In death, I thought so very fair,
Who now looked like black browed despair.

His eyes were keen, and small and cold,
His garments black, and thin and old.

He seemed a monster to be feared,
So lowering his brow appeared;
I shrank in chilling horror back
And longingly I viewed the track

Of life that seemed to me so sweet,
Since I had been destined to meet
With death, when life had filled my heart
With all the sweets it could impart.

KING DAVID AT THE GATE.

["Then the king arose, and sat in the gate" II. Sam. xix. 8].

I.

Then the king arose and sat in the gate,
But his heart still ached for Absolom's fate;
However depressed tho' he there must wait
For the coming of Israel, proud elate,
Of the battle won.

They came in masses, each one from his tent,
Their presence unto the king to present;
The gathering splendor of servants sent
Thro' the heart of David a pain half spent
For his murdered son.

II.

The shouts of triumph to him was a dirge,
The flags of victory flapped o'er the verge
Of death's dark chasm from which will emerge
The ghost of a grief that will smite and scourge
The heart of the king.
How he had loved that curly-haired boy
Whose beauty to all was a soul-stirring joy,
How could the stone-hearted Joab destroy
Beauty so wondrous and free from alloy,
So perfect a thing.

III.

A mist would gather before the king's eyes,
And out of its dimness a form would arise
With radiant face and soft, pleading eyes
Such as can make thro' their glances replies,
To flatter and charm.
Deaf was the king to the praise of his name,

Blind to the glittering warriors that came;
The voices of triumph were hollow with blame,
But he welcomed his followers all the same
While he mourned the harm

IV.

That had come to his fair, but treacherous son,
At the close of the fight in Ephraim begun.
He whose fairness was rivaled by none
Lay scarred and disfigured—his wild race was run—
Under heaps of stones.
He slept, nor dreamed again of the power
He had hoped to grasp in that fatal hour
When his heart was pierced by a poison shower
Of arrows—he fell like a broken flower
'Neath the weight of thrones.

A SERAPH SERENADE.

An invalid girl lay dying—
  She was fading away with day
The swift life moments were flying
  From her pain-fettered life away.

She craved the music of singing
  And quickly a few singers came,
But list! they hear the faint winging
  Of singers, but see not the same.

The music grew sweeter, clearer,
  As downward it floats on the wings
Of night that is drawing nearer
  To where the celestial choir sings.

Earthward the singers are sweeping,
  Their serenade floats on the air,
It hovers about the weeping
  Ones, and blends with their wailing prayer.

Not long the seraph choir hovers
Above the pure soul they release,
Their coming and flight soon covers
The bereaved ones with comfort and peace.

To them those guests were a token
Of favor bestowed from the sky;
It healed the hearts that were broken
And brightened the mourners' sad eye.

A life of patience was ended;
The lips that had never complained
Of pain, but ever defended
The Christ whose favor she gained,

Had uttered their last petition,
A prayer for music and song—
She had no need of contrition
Who had blushed to speak of a wrong.

The discords of pain and waiting
Dispersed on the song-laden air
That whispered of joys awaiting
The pure and redeemed "over there."

EXPLANATION.

These lines were written on hearing of the death of an invalid girl, (disease rheumatism of the heart). The story was told to the writer in her own room, whether true or false, as it may be. The sick and dying girl desired a few select singers to sing to her, while passing away. The singers were sent for immediately, but, before they could get there, she exclaimed: "I hear them singing!" 'Twas said that others heard the same, while no one could be seen in the distance; she was gone ere her friends reached her home.

LINES TO A FLIRT.

Is life so long, Time so far-reaching
That man may spend long years, beseeching
A woman for her heart's affection
With promises of his protection,
Love and support, and true devotion,
Only to laugh at her emotion?

How very small must be the pleasure
Afforded by the long-sought treasure,
Won by disgraceful, mean endeavor,
Which, having bound, you quickly sever!

I doubt not if the smaller gain
Be yours, and still the greater pain
May linger in the wounded heart
You tortured with your evil art.

Oh foolish trifler, count the cost
Of precious moments you have lost,
In adding to your tarnished name
A deeper tinge of sinful shame:

Then add to that the silent woe
That over other lives you throw,
So that the value of the prize
You cast away before her eyes

Who knew how eagerly you sought
The treasure that cannot be bought;
And then subtract the mighty sum
From opportunities that come

To you, unheeded, unembraced,
With treasures that might be replaced
For those you've wasted just for fun,
After they have been so dearly won,

And you will have a balance left,
Of nearly naught, and be bereft
Of anything of which to boast;
For the remainder is almost
As large a nothing as could be
For human life a living plea.

Oh shameful, vain, and idle toil!
Whose only aim is to despoil
The profits of some earnest life,
And pierce as with a sharpened knife
Some trusting, unsuspicious heart,
Unguarded 'gainst the hidden dart.

You dig the ditch in which you fall,
And mock the hours you can't recall,
Fast fleeting hours, whose onward chase
You cannot turn, nor make retrace

The ground o'er which you went amiss:—
You can't give back that perjured kiss
That sealed the lie upon your lips,
Nor warm to life the finger tips

That used to blush within your grasp;
For frozen is the firmer clasp

Whose strong and unrelentless hold
Will not release the ring of gold
You placed upon her dimpled finger,
That oft caressingly would linger
Within your own responsive hand,
Wearing that false engagement band.

O, shame again, disfigured *man!*
Made after God's divinest plan,
That crowns this treasure-house, our globe;
That you should boldly here unrobe
Your life of all that is divine,
Or even *manly* and benign,

Is greater shame than I can paint;
I cannot frame enough complaint
To tinge my words with what I feel
For him who will unjustly deal
With what is sacred and above
Deserving pain from his false love.

April 7, 1888.

THE PERFUME OF LILACS.

Written April 30, 1888.

DEDICATED TO MY VERY DEAR FRIEND GERTRUDE.

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.—*Tennyson.*

My heart sits still the whole year 'round
Until the purple lilacs bloom:
Their fragrance makes it swiftly bound—
A soft voice breathes in their perfume.

For memory on their fragrance soars
Far back unto another Spring;
And with her magic art restores
Some pleasures Time can never bring.

I see the cotton-festooned trees
Above the shady, quiet street;
And drink the lilac-scented breeze
That made the twilight air so sweet.

And mingled with the purple dress
Of lilacs is the pink and white
Of apple bloom — its loveliness
Against a starlit summer night.

And when the scenes of that brief hour
Grow clear again as those I see,
My heart is stirred with love's first power,
I love again in memory.

Two pleading eyes melt into mine,
The pressure of a soft, warm hand
Around my own I feel him twine,
And then I hear myself command

My love to loose that gentle hold—
I know not why — I cannot tell—
My heart was not yet over bold,
But still I loved my love too well.

And most of all I now recall
Our parting — for it was the first
That left my life devoid of all
The sweets that quench the young heart's
thirst.

I felt as though a star had risen,
And by its light had led me on,
Until it left me in a prison,
From which its precious light had gone.

But then that sadness was more sweet
Than pleasure e' er had been, the pain
Of parting told that we should meet
With fuller, warmer hearts again.

That was the first time that our eyes
Bespoke the love words could not tell;
To both it was a sweet surprise
To find that both were loved so well.

And love grew in our hearts for years,
Against the blows of hate took root;
And mine was purified by tears
And rules a monarch, absolute.

But his frail heart was shaped by change,
I saw the hateful work go on;
But never knew what did estrange
His love, that soon was spent and gone.

And when his love grew cold, it chilled
My own that died the death of grief;
The void it left has not been filled;
For death of love there's no relief.

But when in Spring the lilac bloom
Enriches the sweet-scented breeze,
My heart grows young in its perfume,
In dreams of happier days than these.

Long as their breath is fresh and sweet
I drink it in from off my breast;
And dream — although my dream is fleet—
Of hours that were more brief and blest.

TO BELLA.

Feb. 14. 1888.

My dearest love, I've not been dead, but sleeping,
And while the skies above me droop with weeping

For Spring's return, I catch the lonely feeling
And dream of you, while memory 's softly stealing
Unto the spot of tenderest recollection.

I have forgot the legendary story
That sheds such wide halo of fadeless glory
About this cold, short month, and closely hovers
About this day so sacred to all lovers.
I know your love is given to another,
But cannot with that knowledge smother
The faithful fondness of my lost affection,
Which lives in its destined connection;

Nor mourns for great return of warm devotion
Of its supremest, most intense emotion.
Since it is best to turn from past relations
And not indulge in vain procrastinations,
I will not dwell on any warmth of feeling
That stirs *my* heart for you, its fountains sealing
To check the flow in channels love forbidden,
Wherein lie mysteries forever hidden.

But I will strike the chord that echoes clearer,
A cadence sweeter, richer, fuller, dearer

Than single chimes of girlish fascinations,
(If I may touch upon such fond relation)
Of human hearts as entered the primeval
Paradise, and, pure itself, wrought evil
To that first man, who, frenzied with affection
Tasted its fruits, much to his dire dejection

They say that Eve was Adam's preference
To Heaven; without her,— but in reference
To that, I have my own philosophy,
And think it may have been from curiosity
That Adam yielded to the sweet temptation,
Urged with such power of presentation.

Can evil come of good, or good of evil?
The answer must explain this old romance primeval,
For if man's love of woman brought the sorrow
Of sin upon us, we can surely borrow
From that strong evidence that evil entered
The world through love; and this has plainly centered
The blame so heavy, it outweighs the ages,

And sin, so dire that death is all its wages,
Upon the one love that we deem the strongest—
Although it does n't always last the longest.
I clear love of the blame: the man was tempted
No doubt by vanity, all love exempted;
For don't you know he yet was in the blindness (?)
Of ignorance, dispelled by her prompt kindness.

It may have been desire to be her equal,
(I reason only from the sinful sequel),
Or, since they say the road that leads the nearest
To man's stout heart and all he holds as dearest,
Lies through his mighty organs of digestion,

I may be safe in making this suggestion:—
That for his stomach's sake our father tasted
The sweets for which his heaven he rashly wasted.
Of course there's much of speculation
In all that I may say in approbation
Of wedded bliss, its round of pleasures,
Responsibilities of added treasures:
To all such wild delights I am a stranger;

From which sad fact accrues the awful danger
Of failure on my part to render perfect duty
Of poesy to the transcendant beauty
Of any theme so foreign to my feelings:—
I'm not familiar with its sweet revealings.

My Valentine is for your other lover,
Hoping you will with helpful kindness cover
Its many wants and brightly shining errors,
Its limping rhymes and rhetorical terrors.

THE VALENTINE.

Dear heart so true and kind, sweet eyes by love made blind
To faults of mine,
I love you more to-day, than verse, or song, or lay
Can e'er define.
My love is more secure, 'tis stronger and more pure
Than when apart
We bridged the space with dreams, of pleasure's wild extremes,
And heart met heart,

Across the cruel space, that hid your dear, sweet face
From my sad eyes
For vain, prolonged delay, I have regrets to pay
To wifely ties.
To you I justly owe, more than you can e'er know
Of recompense:
More than can be repaid, for years when I, afraid
Of every sense
Love-fraught and strange and new that drew me nearer you
Did hesitate
To recognize the need of being yours indeed,
But chose to wait:
And, waiting, wanted peace, but could not find surcease
Of anxious fears,
Until your loving arms shut out the dread alarms
Of coming years.
One heart's enough for me, it will faithful be,
And I am sure

That yours will be to me a shield of constancy
That will endure
Against the blasts of fate, that may in secret wait
A hateful hour,
When heaven and earth unite, in secret to invite
Dull sorrow's power.
I know not that if life, howe'er with pleasures rife
And gladly gay,
Were worth the painful cost, if love's sweet joy were lost
Or cast away.
Sweetheart, this joy I claim, and cherish just the same
As I do life,
That I shall by thy side, drift down life's seaward tide
Your loving wife.
Above the surge's roar, the stroke of helpful oar
Shall sweetly fall
In time to merry tune, beneath our honeymoon,
Whate'er befall.
And when we reach the shore, if one has gone before

To smooth the way,
We'll meet upon the strand, of Beulah's glorious land,
And bless the day
When first in nuptial mirth, and joy on living earth
We joined our hands,
And pledged our marriage vows, crowning our youthful brows
With love's bright bands.
In every erring line of this my Valentine
I fail to find
Expression full and strong, the muse is surely wrong
Or else unkind.
Perhaps my weary brain, cannot in full explain
The ebb and flow
Of my poor, o'erfraught heart, but only catches part
Of its bright glow.

MARCH SNOW STORM.

1888.

The feathery snow fairies
  Are weaving Winter s shroud,
As they ride on the March wind
  That whistles shrill and loud

The funeral dirge of Winter
  That soon must yield to Spring,
When the robin that is snow-bound
  No more, will dart and sing

Of the coming joys of Summer
  Asleep in the budding earth,
Awaiting yellow harvest
  To give her treasures birth.

The tender Easter lilies
  Rise green above the snow;
The pretty, emerald carpet
  Of grass has ceased to grow;

While Winter flings his farewell
Caress upon the ground,
And sheds his frozen teardrops
In crystal beauty 'round.

Fair Spring, in disappointment
Has hid her smiling face
Beneath the frozen splendor
And cold, majestic grace

Of Winter's crystal garments
That soon will melt away,
In warmth of April showers
And soft sunshine of May.

Farewell, then, dying season,
We take thy parting hand;
Although it makes us shiver
We loyally will stand

By thee until the green sod
Of warmer days has spread
A happy floral tribute
Of blossoms o'er thy bed.

We hear thy lamentations,—
We hear thy deep-drawn sighs,
And see thy heavy mourning
Draped darkly o'er the skies

That mock thy grief in secret,
And cunningly disguise
Their smiles, at thy sad mourning
While planning a surprise

That will with sunny welcome
Bid sleeping Spring arise,
And, crowned the Queen of Seasons,
Reign mildly from her throne,
With bright and growing beauty,
To dull decay unknown.

LIFE IN DEATH.

Sweet smiles and mirth, and joys of earth
No longer brighten
My shadowed life, with death at strife,
My soul to lighten
From weight of pain, and error's stain,
That long has hidden
From my frail sight, the fuller light
By doubts forbidden.
Affliction's pace has left my face
No trace of beauty;
But should I care more to be fair
Than to love duty?
There is a grace, not in the face,
Where beauty reigneth,
The love of right, that seeks the light
That peace containeth.
My steps are slow, but gladly go
Down to the river,
That must be crossed, by saved and lost,
Where waits the Giver

Of every gift, with power to rift
The gloom of sorrow.
I cannot fear, the way is clear
To that bright morrow,
Where pain shall cease, and joy increase
Thro' heavenly ages.
Of that sweet goal, my struggling soul
In hope engages.
I'm growing pale, as near the vale
My steps are tending,
But where there blows from Sharon's rose
A heath-breeze blending,
In every breath that conquered death,
My face will brighten;
No chilling fear, shall there appear
My soul to frighten.
I could not bear, the hard despair
That I should cherish—
If while I fade, I were afraid
My life would perish.
I know my hands shall break the bands
Of pulseless slumber,
And catch the crown, for one sent down

Among the number
He shall bestow, on saints below—
The quick and sleeping,
Who cast the seeds of noble deeds
For time of reaping.

April 18, 1888.

FIRST LOVE.

"There's no love like the first love,"
I once heard some one say,
It comes in virgin newness
Like the tender bloom of May.
It stirs the heart's fresh fountains
By a touch unfelt before,
A touch that thrills with rapture
To the young heart's inmost core.

Love's bitter draughts untasted
Lie deep within its cup,
When we've quaffed the nectar off,
The gall comes welling up.

Of this the heart knows nothing
When the first love wakes to life;
The second love is wiser, and
Prepared for coming strife.

But the first love is the sweetest,
And the swiftest in its course,
All agree to that conclusion
Who have felt its novel force.
It shapes the heart it conquers
In a mould cast out by fate,
And they grow to love's completeness
In this mould-encircled state.

While the heart is young and tender,
It will keep the form it takes,
Tho' 'tis prisoned in by sorrow
And from anguish almost breaks.
Then the young love is the strongest,
For it never yields its sway;
Tho' another love comes later,
There is none so wild and gay.

There are warm affections rising,
All along life's winding course,
Some so strong, and true, and happy
That we tremble from their force.
There are times when all our feeling
Drift toward one we hold most dear,
But along the tide of feeling
Floats a sorrow-shaken tear.

Other loves are checked by wisdom,
Guided by experience,
But the first love fills us fully,
Magnifies our every sense.
'Long its pathway wreathed in pleasures
Stalk no ghosts of happier days.
Free from doubt and full of promise
Are the hopes its raptures raise.

Tho' the young love is the freest,
It is fleetest too ofttimes,
Withering like the thirsty buds
That open in the tropic climes
Sweetest, strongest, and the freest,
'Tis not happiest, nor best,

But the fullest, wildest impulse
That e'er stirs the human breast.

Radiant, and full of beauty,
Still it brings no gift of peace
To the restless heart it conquers,—
Hearts that scorn to crave release.
Let it pass with all its wonders,
Let another rise above
The grave, where lies buried
This all-powerful First Love.

Oct. 20, 1888.

LINES

ON THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF ALEXANDER CAMPBELL'S BIRTH.*

One hundred years ago, to-day,
A new interpreter was given
To guide us in the perfect way
That leads thro' Christ to joy and heaven.

* Read at the Centennial Celebration of that event, at Georgetown, O., by J. D. Houston.

Thro' childhood's sunrise gates he passed,
Perhaps to pleasure's tuneful measure;
Unmindful of the mission vast
That lay beyond the groves of pleasure.

For years he kept the foot-smooth road;
Went hand in hand with others,
Until the weight of error's load,
Still undiscovered by his brothers

Impressed him with the sense of wrong,
And turned his feet from paths forbidden,
And led him to the truth, so long
From human knowledge meanly hidden.

His perfect faith and patient trust
Held him above the creed-paved level,
O'er which the erring trail in dust
Christ's vestments sullied by the devil.

The simple truth, so sweet and old,
To him was no new revelation.
He prayed and labored to unfold
The hidden truths of inspiration.

His life and work within the past
Shine out a beacon-light to guide us,
Until we make our anchor fast,
Where rocks and shoals cannot betide us.

The glory of a hundred years
Of seed-time and of joyful reaping,
Around our hero's life appears
To crown his labor in Time's keeping.

For this we give our Lord the praise:
Our faith is free from doubt or trammel;
On centuries to come let blaze
The name of Alexander Campbell.

[Written by request of a friend, J. D. Houston, Pastor of the Christian Church, at Georgetown, Ohio, to be read at a Centennial Anniversary held at that place, on our hero's birthday, September the 12th, 1888.]

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE ANGEL COUSIN, ELSIE THOMPSON.

[April, 1881.]

She has passed from among us, in childhood's bloom;
They have laid her down in the silent tomb;
No more the zephyrs shall pause and play
In her shining ringlets, for they lay
All peacefully resting in earth's embrace
In clustering masses around her face.

In her laughing eyes of azure light
Lay no faint shadow of death's dark blight;
In her rippling laughter there was no sound
Of dull decay, or the green grave mound;
The sunlight that lit up her brow and eye
Spoke not of this world, where flowers all die.

No more our darling shall cheer us here,
No more her form in the doorway appear,—

To the regions of Light and the realms of Love
The angels have wafted our darling above.
And there on the strand of the crystal sea
Our darling shall live through eternity.

On her sunny brow rests a crown of gold;
In her snowy hands a harp she doth hold;
Of the fruit of the Tree of Life may eat;
By the Saviour's side may be found her seat;
The land of Beulah her feet have pressed,
And now in heaven she findeth rest—

Rest which she might not ever have found,
Had she in this world, where evils abound,
Been spared; and thus we know 't is best
That our darling has left us at His behest;
And we know that among the ransomed there,
Our loved one dwelleth, an angel fair.

SPRING'S TEACHINGS; OR GOD IN NATURE.

The resurrection of the flower
Opening in the April shower,
Does it not lift a living tower
To the divine, life-giving power,
Unseen, but felt?
The little germ that sheds its sheath
When buried in the earth beneath,
Will grow and sway above the heath,
Or help to form the coral wreath,
Just as we melt
To dust away within the earth,
Before the soul's immortal birth,
That banished all of death's dark dearth
From that new life.
The same unerring, viewless hand,
That into life the flowers has fanned,
And scattered fragrance o'er the land,
And warmed the waves upon the strand,
And quelled the strife

Of Winter's deadly, frozen sway,
So full of death and cold decay,
That this bright, budding April day
Begins to stir with thoughts of May,—
That hand doth raise
To life divine, the deathless germ,
The soul, that for an unknown term
Shall leave the body to the worm
And death's dark maze.
Tho' high above the forms of life
With which this present world is rife—
Life that shall perish in the strife
And fall when the pale reaper's knife,
In Nature's grasp,
In time shall deal the last death-blow
On all that beauty can bestow
Of loveliness on things that grow
To elevate the life below,
And loose the clasp
Of the outspread and boundless book,
The universe, on which we look
For lessons in each shadowed nook,
So dark and deep we cannot brook

To enter there.
Although the great created man
Stands highest in the perfect plan
That out chaos God began,
To stretch across the yawning span
He made so fair,
Both forms are under his wise sway,
And both in unison obey
The laws which, broken, we must pay,
In some divinely ordained way,
For trespass made.

EASTER MEMORIES.

[March 24, 1888.]

In memory of the sacred dead
They laid in Joseph's new-made tomb,
A few sad mourners came to spread
The breath of fragrance on the gloom
That hung above the cold stone grave
In which his spirit's temple lay

Destroyed, they thought; for what could save
From blight of death, that soulless clay?
And so the favored faithful came
With rising of morning sun,
And lo! before them rose like flame
The lightning countenance of one
Whose raiment was of shining white;
And who had rolled the stone away,
Before the secrets of the night
Had yielded to the search of day.

The women's hearts were chilled with fear,
Until the angel watcher said:
"Your Lord is risen! he is not here;
Why seek the living 'mong the dead?"
"The living?" was his soul restored
To dwell again within that frame,
From which his precious blood has poured
To wash away the world's dark blame?

'T was even so, and they believed
All that they wonderingly heard;
And hurried to the sad and grieved
Disciples with the glorious word.

To faith was quickly added sight;
The Lord appeared, and at his feet
They fell and worshiped the true Light,
Whose re-appearance was so sweet.

Then onward, with rekindled might,
By faith, and love, and joy supreme,
They hastened in the morning light,
With Resurrection for their theme.
But Peter, filled with hard despair
And disappointment, and with grief,
Would not believe He was not there,
Until his wavering unbelief
Was lost in wonder, when he saw
The open and deserted tomb,

A monument unto the law
That robs this life of half its gloom.
'T is no great wonder that their hearts
Refused, at first, to open wide
And drink in all that truth imparts
Of sacrifice of Him who died
Upon the cruel Roman cross,
And then arose, a ransom given,

To spare our souls from sinful loss,
And intercede for us in heaven.
How might they hope for such a friend?
They hoped He had been Israel's king,
A ruler that their God would send,
With conquering sword and signet ring.
But when they saw His spirit's strife,
The agony that set it free,
They mourned for Him as one whose life
Was yielded on the cursed tree.

They being spiritually blind
Unto the light of promise given,
Could not unfold with finite mind
The meaning of the Temple riven.
But when the risen Lord returned
Unto the eleven, as they walked
With slow, sad steps, their high hearts burned
Within them when the Saviour talked.

And when he passed from them, and left
Their hearts aflame with words he said,
They were no longer hope-bereft,
Since Christ had risen from the dead.

REST.

[April, 1888.]

I crave not the rest of indolent leisure,
But rather count it a grander pleasure
To work in a restful way.
There is to my soul a tireless beauty
In work that answers the claims of duty—
The duty of every day.

Who can sit with hands folded idly
And gaze in repose on the work so widely
Around us in challenge spread?
Not they who have no contempt for labor,
Who love, as themselves, their fellow-neighbor,
And weave on the silken thread

Of opportunity, cloth of such brightness
That the thoughtless in all their frivolous lightness
Stop, as they pass, to admire

The faultless designs, and close, smooth texture
Of the cloth of lives, where is stamped a lecture
To awaken and inspire

Some sluggish soul with the sweet emotion
Of active love and a deep devotion
To labor, that seeks to share
With the needy of different climes and ages,
The shining treasure of golden wages
That mitigate dull despair.

There is rest in the work of love and kindness;
The labor that substitutes light for blindness
Is service that is but rest;
Rest from gloomy and turbulent feelings;
Rest that is rich in the sweetest revealings
That pleasure could request;

Rest from vain and regretful sorrow,
From fears that cloud the skies of to-morrow,
From ignorance and sin:
Such is the rest for which I am yearning—
Service that angels are happy in learning—
The work that we shall begin

When, saved and redeemed from death's past
danger,
We worship Christ who was found in the
manger
By wise men from the East;
That will be rest that can never weary,
For then shall we be from all that is dreary
Forever through Him released.

SOCIAL INEQUALITY.

1888.

I know a bright-faced, cheerful girl,
Whose father is the veriest churl
I ever knew, or care to know,
While thro' this mortal march I go.

She toils for him from morn till night,
In wretched and uncomely plight;
I know not how she thus can live,
Her miser father ne'er does give

To her a coin, or paper bill,
To gratify her girlish will.

Mysterious economy
Responds to bold necessity—
Else she would own no change of dress
But move in garb of wretchedness.

O'er fields of corn and golden wheat
Her father saunters with bare feet,
Like just so many shapeless flags
Sail forth his soiled, dishonored rags.

He owns a handsome range of land,
But opens not his clenched hand
To share a cent of what he owns,
To soothe hard poverty's deep groans.

This girl knows not that life may be
From misery and hardship free;
She scarcely craves a better fate
Than thus to carry life's worst freight
Of sorrow to the waiting grave
That will contain a miser's slave.

Her lot seems worse than death to me—
Life, without slightest liberty.
I feel that such things should not be
But cannot plan their remedy.

—

I know *another* sweet-faced girl,
Who shines and beams in fashion's whirl.
The diamonds, whose changeful light
Beams from neck and wrists so white,
Are wealth enough for one to own
Who gathers that by others sown.
But *she* has riches vast beside—
Enough to gratify her pride.
Her heaviest and deepest care
Is what to buy and what to wear.

She knows naught of life's want and toil;
From thoughts of it she would recoil;
She dreams not that the shining stuff
She wastes, is riches quite enough
To mitigate more poverty
Than she has seen, or yet may see.

She lives in her own loveliness—
The bane of strong men's happiness.

She sees few signs of grief and want;
Dark scenes of trouble never haunt
Her day-dreams, or her peaceful sleep;
She smiles, nor dreams that others weep.

Wealth, beauty and devoted friends,
With constancy her life attends;
She has whate'er her fancies crave,
And o'er her beauty lovers rave;
Indulgences have made her blind
To the condition of mankind.

From her exclusive, sheltered place,
She can not view the present;
Nor know how pressing are its needs,
How loud they call for noble deeds.

Both girls I have known long and well;
But should I e'er attempt to tell
Them of the difference in their lot,
I'm sure they would believe me not.

I stand where both are full in view,
And meditate on what to do
To crush the inequality
That ruins our society.

Summer, 1888.

MY LITTLE LOVER.

TO IZZAR.

[Spring, 1888.]

I have a little lover, the sweetest in the world,
With hair of brown all burnished; he wore it always curled,

Until the cruel scissors cut off a load of gold,
Thus robbing him of beauty, and making him look old.

He will not doff his dresses, for clumsy, boyish clothes,
Until his minute stature, a little taller grows.

And so he 's still my baby, although he says
he 's not,
And chides me, when I tease him, I seem to
have forgot

That when I call him baby, he never will ad-
mit
That he is such a tiny, ambitious, wee, wee bit.

His eyes are blue and tender, and cheeks are
always bright,
And when he sees me coming, they deepen
with delight.

He never makes me jealous—I know he loves
but me,
And he has often promised, that I his bride
shall be.

He says that we 'll be married, and go off on a
tour
As soon as he grows larger, and I am not so
sure

That should he break his promise, forgetful of
his vow,
That I should be as happy, and gay as I am
now.

He gladdens me with kisses, and always wears
a smile
To sweeten my existence, and brighten, for a
while,

The sombre shades of trouble that darken on
the mind,
Unless some such a sunbeam, its secret way
can find

Into the shadowed recess, where lurks the ach-
ing pain
That, though some joy remove it, will soon
come back again.

FRAGMENTS OF TIME.

Fragments of Time scattered off the years,
Welded together by smiles and by tears;
Moulded by gladness, or shaped by the strain
Of profitless effort, half-prisoned by pain.

Moments of rapture, too deep to express,
Bound to some others, of grief and distress;
Hours of ambition, that led to despair,
Then melted away, on the breath of a prayer.

Such are the fragments Time sheds in his flight,
Some made of darkness, and others of light;
Though they are exiled awhile from their place,
All will fly homeward, some time in the race.

Thoughts, quite forgotten, and words that have
died
On these fragments of Time, in their silence
abide,
Where eternity gathers these waifs of the years,
And each in its rightful position appears:

They will add to our record, for good or for ill,
While worlds roll together, like waves at his will.

Then let us improve them, with speed, while we may,
For, tho' loiterers they be, we their flight can not stay.
They are leaving us ever, to blend with the past,
And gladden or sadden our future at last.

PLEASANT RIDGE, O., September 28, 1888.

GAMALIEL.

[Acts v. 34.]

The prison doors had failed to bar
Their inmates from the world without;
Imprisonment had failed to mar
The purpose of those hearts so stout.

And now the brave disciples stood
Again within the temple's shade,

And preached with earnestness that would
Have made more fearful hearts afraid.

The irate council soon agreed
To crush them, lest they did convert
The people who had taken heed
Of all the things they did assert.

And then the wise Gamaliel
Stood up and warmly, wisely spoke—
Perhaps he felt the mighty spell
Of truth, and to its cry awoke.

Said he: "If this thing be of man
In course of time 't will come to naught;
But if it be of God, none can
Destroy that which in truth is wrought.

His words fell with a potent weight
Upon the hearts of men less wise,
And thus was stayed the work of hate—
Such as from envy does arise.

Gamaliel, thy patient trust
Was then thy truest, safest guide;

No human dart, with vengeance thrust,
Can from its course the truth divide.

A valued lesson here I learn,
From thee, whose trust sought out the right:
Thou, who didst not in rashness spurn
The truths that were not bared to sight.

I will not strive against the might
Of Providence, nor that which I
Can not at first with ease prove right,
But can not in my heart deny.

Time solves the problem of all things—
Completes the worlds and moulds the man;
In its untiring march it brings
The measured growth of God's great plan.

My faith is large—my hope is small—
I seek for knowledge oft in vain;
But Time will soon explain it all,
And grant the knowledge I would gain.

May 3, 1888.

SEPARATION.

1888.

I strive with power full half restrained,
To soothe the dull, hard ache,
That parting brought, absence retained
Within my heart for thy dear sake.

I know I can not e'er forget
The whispered words you said;
That hour when first your blue eyes met
My own, and there I read

Their half-grown secret, half expressed
In silent language strong and sweet.
Your eyes bespoke all fond requests,
Desires too sacred to repeat.

Our love was such a tender flower,
Its life in darkness grew;
It never knew of sun nor shower,
Nor happy skies of blue.

'T was nourished by the dew of tears,
And warmth of loving heart;
'T was rudely blown by stormy fears,
Cut down by jealous dart.

And still the germ would grow again,
Fanned by the breath of sighs;
I knew it was immortal, then,
The love that never dies.

Sometimes I doubt, if what I feel,
Is scarcely known to you;
My heart forbade me to reveal
Its sweetness full and new.

And evermore I strive to hide
That happiness supreme;
I only know, when by your side,
And in love's fondest dream,

A sentinel of warning fear
Stood guarding my free speech;
I could not trust a thought so dear
Within that guard's dread reach.

If I had urged one anxious thought
Forth on the breath of sound,
Methinks it would have comfort brought
That can not now be found.

For, when you seem a trifle cold,
I wonder if I am to blame;
I grieve and wish my heart more bold,
To learn why you are not the same.

I may not know, but do believe,
That heart responds to heart again;
I, waiting, hope for some reprieve,
To turn to joy the growing pain

Of separation, and to raise
The dark, close-fitting, heavy mask
Of duty, under which there plays
The promise of a lighter task—

A task that love would count as naught,
And pleasure claim her guiding star;
A living joy with rapture fraught,
That nothing in this world could mar.

Sweetheart of mine (for you have said
You thought you were my sweetheart),
I 'll love you still, though hope lie dead
And duty lead us far apart.

For memory's pleasures they will live
To rift the darkness of despair,
To whisper comfort and to give
Me glimpses of a face more fair

To me, than e're I' ve seen in dreams
Of goodly men with princely air;
A face where mind transcendant beams,
In beauty's power and sweetness there.

O! lovely face, and dear, kind hands
So full of comfort for their race;
Thy generous heart and mind demands
Much human praise and God's free grace.

My blessing on thy noble life,
So grand, sincere and just,
And on the mind, where hateful strife,
Is quelled by quiet trust.

I count it pleasure, wondrous dear,
To love so brave a heart;
Although it cost a frozen tear
To live, and love, apart.

TO A CHILD RARELY BEAUTIFUL.

DEDICATED TO SUSIE.

Thou little lump of compound loveliness,
How soon thy charms will leave thee, who can guess?
I trust that they may cling a long time yet
Unto thy face and form, like jewels set
In purest gold, such as thy rosy health
That adds a perfect treasure to thy beauty's wealth.
Thou little folded bud, whose opening charms
Will cease to shield the flower when time's alarms
Shall shake the dews of heaven from off thy breast,

And rob thee of the fearless pleasures of thy rest,
That sits upon thy long-fringed eyelids all so gay
And sweet and light, that night is but a restful day.
To thee, fair innocence, whose breathing is so sweet
That zephyrs softly sigh its echoes to repeat,
Or sigh to blend their lives with that sweet air
That does in loving service gently dare
To steal within thy frame, and tinge with red
The faithful currents that have faintly spread
The blush upon thy sea-shell tinted cheek.
Thy airy toddle would alone bespeak:
"A princess comes, make way before her smile"—
Such is thy high, untutored, artless style.
But thy sweet face—can pen or brush portray
Its polished skin and waves of pink, that stray
Half-frightened over cheek and rounded chin?
And then, as tho' in frolic, hide within,
Leaving thy face serene and gleaming white,

Thy changeful eyes a trifle not so bright;
But shining, still, like stars that sail the sky
Above us, always gleaming there so high,
That we may look and wonder, but not be
Within the boundaries of the place we see.

And so it is with childhood, when 't is hung
Afar within the orient, where rung
Our merriest laugh, and freest, gayest song,
Round which our first and fondest memories
throng;
We may not turn from skies all dark and drear,
And dwell again within that sunrise sphere;
But only see from some low vale afar,
The gleaming of that patient, shining star—
Our youth—that far behind us, will shine on
Until the clouds and vapors all have gone
Below the line of view where time shall cease
to be
In vastness of incomparable eternity.

Sweet child, I shrink from thoughts that paint
another view
Of thy rare loveliness; but still I know 't is true,

Even as the first is beautiful, thy lustrous eyes
Will lose the tinge of summer's midnight skies;
Thy burnished hair will fade to silver white;
Grow coarse and harsh from time's impartial blight,
That shall fall heavier on thy charms, perchance,
Than on some face where beauty's magic glance
Has never stamped her bright, far-flashing seal,
To which the stoic, e'en, can not refuse to kneel.
All nature must begin in subtle things,
To end in grosser. Time, to all things, brings
Growth, maturity, decay and death.
To breathe, is evidence that that same breath
Must be returned unto the Giver whence it came.
If life means death, the law must stand the same
With beauty, which is but the earliest stage
Of its dark opposite naught can assuage.
But death is promise of another life.

Shall beauty, then, be yielded in the strife
Of natural warfare, with the things of earth?
No; we will hope for an immortal birth
That will return thy loveliness an hundred fold,
And rank thy beauty with the joys untold.
April, 23, 1888.

YOUR LOSS AND MINE.

IN MEMORIAM OF GRANT. DEDICATED TO MARY.

I never saw his blue eyes veiled from life,
Nor touched his unresponsive hand;
But you were witness to his spirit's strife,
When death's pale angel made of it demand
To follow in the noiseless march of souls
Released from their cold tenement of clay,
From which the scroll of life at first unrolls
Its white, indelible blanks, day by day.
Your heavier loss was harder far to bear,
Than mine, who knew not of the tearful end;
Nor of the anxious days of hopeful care

That hovered o'er the death-bed of our friend.
To me he is as one who will return
From sojourn on some peaceful, sunlit isle,
Girt round with magic seas and waving fern,
And lilies nodding welcome all the while.
He will not come, I know; but can not feel
That never, while this wavering life shall last,
Shall sight and sense intuitive reveal
His boyish face as pictured in the past;
When health inspired his pulse's eager leap,
And high-born hope and energy were seen
Upon his youthful brow, that lies asleep
Beneath earth's latest canopy of green.
You saw the death-damps gather on his brow,
And watched the last, faint, flickering gleam
Of life's farewell, and can recall it now,
And thus relieve it in a wakeful dream.
But those dark hours were all unknown to me,
And memory comes to me with scenes so fair
And so familiar, that reality
Seems only pale in fancy's vivid glare.
But when I see the broken circle he has left,

My heart grows sad with certainty of pain;
'T is then I feel how much we are bereft,
'T is then that crowded tears will drop like rain.
I see fond ones, whose disappointed hopes
Keep mournful watch where pleasure once was found;
The phantom of a broken promise gropes
Wherever happiness and mirth abound.
The broken promise of a noble life—
A life with blessings fraught for loving hearts;
But he was spared the anxious toil and strife
That must be borne in lessons life imparts.
Let memory beguile return of grief,
For one that is more blest than those who mourn;
Build hopeful happiness upon belief
In heaven's happier and brighter bourne.

March 17, 1888.

RASH JUDGMENT.

[Summer, 1888.]

Frank Osborn was a workman of finished skill and tact,
And he, as a wood butcher, for no employment lacked.
He would have highest wages, for such he could command,
As there was no more rapid, or deft, or skillful hand
Than his, with saw and hammer and plumbing, and his tongue
Was just as active member as ever talked or sung.

He talked and sung and whistled more than I can approve;
He never stopped his clatter to mould a tongue or grove;
He talked like most of people, to edify the crowd,

Or teach some individual—and he talked very
loud.
For sake of controversy, he chose the other
side
Of every theme and topic—he 'd hold it if he
died.

Sometimes his strong opponent would come out
far ahead
In line of fair conviction of truth ; when Frank,
instead
Of seeing his position, would never have a
thought
That he had missed the target, he had so
rashly sought.

The people, all, who knew him, would never
add a word
To any of his lectures, nor seem as though
they heard
The vainly prolonged speeches he gave them
every day,
For well they knew that talking, was not the
surest way

To end the clitter, clatter, for he would never stop,
Nor let the noisy subject in golden silence drop,
Until convinced of triumph—and silence gives consent—
For which he 'd drop *that* subject, and some *new one* present.

He joined the Labor Party, for nothing but effect;
He liked its large excitement, although his peace it wrecked;
He hated wealth and *hauteur*, and talked about the wrongs
Of capital to labor; and all such as belongs
To strikers' shaky platform, he dwelt upon with might,
And how the working people would struggle for their right.

While working on a stairway, that climbed through spacious halls,
Within a costly mansion, all hung with frescoed walls,

He hummed a sacred ballad, that caught the
mistress' ear—
It smote the chords of pity, that wrung from
her a tear.
Her better nature conquered the spirit of false
pride,
And trustfully she followed her feelings for her
guide;

And as she passed Frank Osborn, upon the
splendid stair,
A noble impluse showed her, an active duty
there;
And without condescension, and earnestly and
sweet,
She invited him to worship where wealthy peo-
ple meet,
And listen to a lecture, and to a well trained
choir
That constitutes a service (not long enough to
tire
The mass of restless hearers that crowd the
sacred place).

He turned upon the lady, a flushed and scornful face,
And answered with a boldness and arrogance of air,
That to her gentle nature seemed harsh and most unfair.

He said: "You treat your servants like dogs, and never give
A kind word, or a morsel, to those who have to live,
Deprived of costly comforts, and even nature's need;
I've seen enough such people, puffed up with pride and greed.
What, if you meet in heaven, the poor you fail to know
On Sunday in your churches, because they're poorly dressed—
You'll meet some wretched pauper among the saved and blest,
(If God's great mercy grants you a better life than this)

And some of your church members you certainly will miss."

Surprised, and half-bewildered, the lady sought her room.
Her sympathy was blighted: She fell into the gloom
Of selfish disappointment, and blamed her erring heart
For the unhappy lesson its kindness did impart.

Quite thoughtless of the limits her small experience knew,
She judged the lower masses by the rebellious few
That had repulsed her kindness, or used it to excess—
For if she gave her bonnet, they 'd ask her for her dress.

And so a gentle nature, was hardened by the blows
Of one "unruly member," that often does impose

Upon its own possessor, and other people's peace—
From an incessant talker 't is hard to gain release.

Frank Osborn, sure of triumph, supposed his vanquished friend
Was conscious of her errors, and never would offend
His sense of truth and justice again, as she had done,
Since he had proved her guilty, by silence quickly won.

And thus the breach was widened between the workingman
And lady of the mansion, whose philanthropic plan
Was thwarted by his rashness, nor would again revive
While memory of that insult was even half alive.

He judged her by the knowledge he had of wealthy men,

Or tyrant corporations, whose riches once again
Were doubled by the pressure they cast upon the poor,
And whose resplendent palace came through the poor man's door.

Is not bright wealth an honor, and poverty the same,
If from no mean oppression the envied blessings came?
Even poverty is blameless, I think, when it is found
Where sweet content and industry and helplessness abound.

The more that some are favored, the more their wants increase.
In such a land of plenty, how can there be release
From hateful discontentment among the coming race,
If with man's education his yearnings must keep pace?

If discontent was guided by charity's advice,
Or waited for slow prudence to think about it
twice,
There 'd be such ugly folly apparent in the
scheme,
That it would not so pleasant and profitable
seem.

REGRETS.

[1888.]

They come in the welcome and winning dis-
guise
Of memory's trappings; but to my surprise
Display but the homely and cast-away form
Of thoughts; like ravens in ominous swarms
Mark the grave of past pleasures, and duties
undone;
Unkindness remembered in wrath, till the sun
Had written the record of that evil day
With the red ink of sunset, in characters gay;

But fearful in meaning, because the red gold
Could many a thoughtless secret unfold.

They come sometimes singly, and sometimes
in throngs,
And lead me, unveiled, to look on the wrongs
And follies they charge to my unpaid account;
And when on the free air of hope I would
mount,
Above the dark presence of painful regrets,
They cling to me, clamoring for the assets
Of years that lie buried, for which I still owe
A debt to the claims of the dim, long ago.

They come like the ghost of a sorrow long
dead,
And over my playful, gay spirit they spread
The unfinished cloth that I left in the loom,
When the day was all spent and faded in gloom
Of a night that brought slumber, but no sweet
repose—
A night on whose bosom no guiding star
rose.

They haunt recollection, and make it but pain
To reckon on memory, pleasure's small gain.
When I shrink from the visits of this deep-
voiced guest,
I am into its presence reluctantly pressed;
It leaves me, though sadder than I was before,
Some wiser and better; when, through the dark
door
It passes, still waving a warning to me—
Remember the past in the years that shall be.

THE UNSOUGHT BLESSING.

The richest blessing that my life has known,
Came all unasked—a thing of joy full-grown—
And rich with pleasures I had never sought,
So far were they above my wildest thought.
For meaner joys I oft had striven in vain,
And wondered if the prize that I would gain
Would ever sway within my waiting reach;
Then earnestly again I would beseech

The Giver of all good, that He would send
The thing I craved, and thus my wish commend.
But in His mercy and far-reaching care,
He shielded me, and answered not my prayer,
Which plead for what my soul the least did need;
And now I know why He refused to heed
The cravings that in secret now have passed,
And let me know His loving will at last.
His grace has overflowed my mortal life
With love's own gifts, and made it rich and rife
With better things than I had longed to know,
Or dared to hope His mercy would bestow
On me, whose service has deserved no gift
Of such remembrance as has power to lift
My soul so high above the darkened air
In which I breathed forth that unanswered prayer,
That all the doubt, and constant, aching pain
That I then felt, might not come back again.
Oh! wondrous grace, and still more wondrous love,
That has bestowed on me a life above

The painful level that I blindly sought,
Supposing it with pleasures richly fraught.
And now I wait for Thy unchanging will
The fullness of Thy promise to fullfil.
Thy will, not mine, dear Lord, I pray be done,
Or, better still, make Thine and mine but one.

BETHEL, O., May 17, 1888.

TIRED.

I 'm so weary, to-night, of the loud, restless street,
And the clatter of footsteps the pavements repeat;
I 'm tired of the beauty that charms to ensnare,
And tired of disguise that fair faces wear.

The surge of the crowd makes my heart ache and sink,
While of tenderer scenes I longingly think;

The lights and the splendor that beam 'neath
their blaze
Only repel my satisfied gaze.

Jewels that sparkle on soft, snowy hands,
Only remind me of gentler bands;
Smiles stir the hunger that raves in my breast,
For home and its harvest of infinite rest.

Sweet voices wake echoes of others more dear,
And solitude kisses my cheek with a tear;
O! cold, hateful world, how I loathe you to-
night—
Your high hopes that sadden, and griefs that
affright.

O'er your hard, frozen surface, I'm walking
alone;
When I ask you for bread, I receive but a
stone;
All your pleasures are drugged with the es-
sence of gall,
And your best gifts are given our hearts to en-
thrall.

O! world, give me back all the peace I have lost,
On the breath of the gales that have driven and tossed
My life's storm-besieged and fortune-tossed bark,
That is drifting far out toward the billowy dark.

I 'll forgive thee for once, if my heart thou wilt save,
And make it forget, and in sorrow be brave;
But to-night it is troubled, and clamors for love,
Like the moan of a lonely, disconsolate dove.

Still, one little spot on thy cold breast is warm—
That is home—where adversity's wild, raging storm
Rocks our life-boat but lightly, and wails, soft and low,
Some lullaby, blended with sleep long ago.

When the twilight comes down in her shadowy dress,
And softens earth's sunlighted loveliness,

And fire fairies dance in the ember's bright
glow,
And voices we hear have a tone sweet and low,
Then the veil between heaven and earth swings
apart,
By the pressure of heart that is laid against
heart.

O, hard and relentless, indeed, is the fate
That robs us of home, and the dear ones that
wait
To welcome us there, when our heart's sad and
faint,
And sinking from worldly contagion and taint.

The kisses that seal the sweet words that are
said,
Or smother the harsh ones that rise in their
stead,
Are links in the chain by which we are drawn
Through earth's sunset gates, into heaven's fair
dawn.

PALACE HOTEL, Saturday Night, Oct. 13, 1888.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

Hope drew me on with sweet deceit,
  Toward the goal that Love sought out;
Nor fear nor trouble did I meet,
  Nor e'en the shadow of a doubt.

Sweet scenes were spread before my view,
  Enticing me to look beyond
The meaner things I saw and knew—
  Which made my anxious heart despond.

Hope pointed steadfast on before—
  Forbade me look to either side,
Or view the track we had passed o'er;
  So cautious was my winsome guide.

And so we passed in peace along,
  And trod out fragrance from the flowers;
And measured time by laugh and song,
  Instead of by the days and hours.

We ofttimes chased a joy in vain;
  But, losing one, found others near;

Pursuit would banish failure's pain,
And leave behind all trace of fears.

Hope charmed me with its scenes outspread,
And lured me on to pleasure's tune;
But, suddenly, she paled and fled,
And left me in a sightless swoon.

Despair had smote her pointing hand,
And darkened all her lovely views;
She could not in her pride withstand,
To see him thus her charms abuse.

Despair stood firm, where Hope had fled;
Nor would he grant me soon to pass;
I, turning, found sweet Hope lay dead
Upon a heap of withered grass.

So motionless and dark and stern,
Before me stood the guard Despair;
I had not courage to return;
But felt I could not linger there.

While thus of grim Despair afraid,
Hope stirred, and tremblingly arose;

And in my own her hand she laid—
With gentle clasp I felt it close.

The miracle of Hope's new life
Left old Despair with fear enraged;
They strove; and bitter was the strife
In which my guide and guard engaged.

At last Hope dealt a mighty blow,
That felled the giant to the ground;
She waited not to there bestow
A farewell glance in joy around.

But onward sped my victor guide,
Until she reached the cherished goal;
There, standing radiant by my side,
She planted trust within my soul.

September 27, 1888.

MY ANGEL.

One night when I awoke from slumber,
From a sleep that was dreamless and light,
I saw a most beautiful vision
Of angel wings, shining and white.

Against the gilt of the paper
That covers the wall of my room,
They hung for one precious moment,
Then melted away in the gloom.

O, beautiful angel pinions,
How came ye to visit my sleep?
Did your glowing garments flutter
Above my pillow, and sweep

The sleep from my quivering eyelids,
That, opening as they past,
Unbound my heaven-blest vision,
To catch a glimpse of the last

Bright radiance of thy beauty,
So unlike to mortal mold,

As it swayed a sating wonder
Against the wall-lighted gold?

I fear that my mortal glances
Wounded thy delicate wings;
I peered so hard through the shadows,
To catch the vision that brings

The joy of glorious promise
Anew to my tired soul;
To strengthen it anew for the journey
That lies this side of its goal.

Come back, O, guardian angel,
And show me thy seraph face;
Awake me again with a message
Of wonderful, saving grace.

Breathe on me the breath of pardon;
Remove thou the load of care
That burdens my weary conscience,
And tempts me 'most to despair.

O, make me worthy to love thee,
And Him whose marvelous love

Has spared me a shining guardian
From his seraph host above.

O, beautiful, nameless angel,
Visit my wandering dreams
With words and whispers of promise,
And bright and radiant gleams

Of light from the far-off city,
That rises above the sea,
Of crystal and streets all shining,
In blaze of eternity.

I thank thee, white-winged spirit,
For what I have seen of thee;
O, help me to never grieve thee
With fear, or inconstancy.

I shall hope for thy second coming,
And labor to prepare
Myself for the splendid presence
Of One so wondrous fair.

For I know thou wilt not linger
Where there is aught impure;

The place was too much tarnished
For thee to rest secure.

Above my fitful slumbers
Thy rustling garments broke,
When stirred by angel presence,
My heart and eyes awoke.

March 19, 1888.

LORD BYRON.

Illustrious praise and scathing blame
Have tinged thy great, immortal name;
No blame from me, but fullest praise
Of thy sweet, sentimental lays
So rich with love and longing fraught;
So smooth the rhyme, so strong the thought.
Thou master of the mournful lyre—
With heart aflame with love's swift fire—
To thee I breathe from out my soul,
Wherein unspoken longings roll,
The praise I can but half express,

Of all the depths and loveliness
That fills and overflows thy songs,
Born of thy loves and of thy wrongs.
The human and the more divine,
Chime sweetly in each stirring line
Thy pen in adamant has traced,
Where they can never be effaced.
The radiance of thy genius gleams
On black background in midnight dreams—
Dreams true to life, however dark
May be the scenes their image mark.
'T is wonder they were half so fair,
Stamped by the weight of thy despair.
The sufferings of thy wounded heart
Might many darker dreams impart;
But would not lay such secrets bare
Before the world's unfeeling stare.
Thou man of grief disconsolate,
Chained down by all the powers of Fate,
I could not blame thee, hadst thou sought
To clothe much darker, lower thought,
Than that which stains thy nobler verse
With bitterness and feelings worse;

For thine was a soul-souring fate—
The seeds of waywardness and hate
Were planted ere thou wast aware
Of coming wretchedness and care.
With few to love thee, or to bend
The kind ear of a loving friend
Unto the sorrows of thy heart
So often pierced by love's keen dart—
So often writhing under scorn
From her who should have made the morn
Of life to thee a joyous thing,
Rather than a twinging sting,
How could thy better nature soar
Above the woes thy sad life bore?
A thousand woven links of pain
Bound thee to earth with sorrow's chain;
The upper skies thou couldst not gain,
If there thou couldst not long remain—
Too great would be the constant strain,
To drag thee back to earth again.
Thy classic verses I adore,
While over them I muse and pour;
Thy faults with me are all forgot—

I only mourn thy loveless lot;
And sorrow that the singing muse
Could not some perfect joy infuse
Into thy deeply shadowed life,
That knew more of the bitter strife
Than of the sweets existence brings
To those who never know its stings.

April 26, 1888.

ALLENE.

Upon the tablet of my memory
Scenes ever come and go with careless ease;
But one there is that lingers longest there,
And comes to me more frequent than the rest:
It is a scene of one who bears the trace
Of pain exquisite on her pale, pure face.
I see her coming over meadow hills,
A gentle driver of the lagging cows
That thank her patience with their large, soft
eyes;

And, standing knee-deep in the little stream,
Implore her for the privilege she grants.
I hear no sound of laughter from her lips,
Nor hum of ballad—silence is her song.
No childish play arrests her sombre mood,
And when she laughs, her voice is low, subdued,
As tho' some sacred thing would feel the shock
Of merriment, where sadness held her reign.
A quiet ease, and high indifference
To all the rude and common interests
Of childhood, place her far beyond the things
Most pleasing to a creature of her years.
A sad-faced child, she comes in scornful tears
From school, when tasks are heaviest and dull.
She loathes the hum-drum of the school, and harsh
Reproof that sets neglected rules in force.
This child weeps but to see a playmate stand
In slow disgrace upon the school-room floor;
One sharp-edged word will pierce her thro' and thro',
And set her little frame to shivering

Like some late flower that feels the north wind's breath
Blow roughly o'er its unprotected breast,
And, agitated, sheds white tears of dew.
Her tears fell frozen, by the hard, cold scorn
Of vulgar-natured children round her thrown;
They saw no pathos in a tear, nor felt
The noble pang of sympathetic grief;
Nor could they comprehend a soul that could.
Allene was found not in the noisy group
Of children on their homeward way from school;
She shunned the loud, coarse jest, and louder laugh,
Preferring nature's peaceful company.
And thus she grew a lily in the midst
Of scentless weeds, devoid of loveliness.
She looked about her for a kindred flower,
But found no redolence nor color there;
All round her grew the stubborn plant of life,
Unpruned and coarser than it could have been
In the crude newness of its infancy.
A deeper sadness fell upon Allene,
As she sought vainly for she knew not what;

She knew not what she sought, nor where to find
The nameless something that engaged her search;
But surely, somewhere in this living world,
She thought, there must be something nobler far,
Than she had found within the low, dark walls
Of school-room, or along the broad highway.
A voice from out the zephyr-shaken trees
Had whispered to her of a world of love
Somewhere, they knew, but would not tell her where.
The seasons kept no secrets from her gaze;
She learned strange lessons from them as they passed;
She found a friend in nature—one she knew
Was heavy-hung with wisdom o'er and o'er;
But still the want was there unsatisfied;
For nature's grandest work had failed her dreams—
She found no human nature perfect grown,
And sat a goddess in a fallen fane;

A goddess without worshipers she sat,
Seeking and finding not the precious prize
Of an unsullied soul, a pure, warm heart,
And brain illumed by intellectual fire.
Allene, at last, as she neared womanhood,
Became more reconciled to lower things.
Distilling all the sweets from every flower
That nodded welcome to her as she passed,
She found the elements of beauty cast
In unattractive and unshapely molds.
Why had she looked so high and far and wide,
For treasures that in lowest forms abide?
The good she knew, the loveliness she saw,
Were but reflections of her inner self,
That beautified the surface where they lay,
And, looking back where all had once seemed
dark,
She saw a shower of radiance
Descend from wisdom's heights, revealing truth;
And this is what the revelation taught:
Sweet goodness, beauty, ravishing and fair,
And glowing love and happiness serene
Are present with us ever, though we see

No shadow of their earnest countenance;
We see them only when the light within
Has grown so pure and strong, its rays reach out
And light to bright transparency the dark
Opaqueness of our mean environments.
The torch, Allene's genius, flamed so high,
It blinded her to all things base and low;
She saw the dizzy heights of wisdom rise
Beyond, and eagerly she strove to climb
The winding paths of learning that are cut
By man's slow foot-prints in the stubborn soil.
Her ascent was retarded by the weight
Of woes that clung like cowards to her heart—
False friends would lure her to a precipice,
And timid ones would shout a false alarm;
Her fellow travelers, with jealous pride
And light retort, would pass her hastily,
While those behind implored her guiding hand,
And trammeled genius with their ignorance.

One morning, when the sweet south wind was free,
And birds were singing with the voice of spring,

And sunshine filled the air, and dressed the earth
In garments fit for any fairy queen,
The chirping of the matin choristers,
That perched within the branches of an elm,
(The window drapery of Allene's room)
Aroused the gentle sleeper from her dreams,
To strange, new thoughts, of sweeter things than books,
Since genius had been shining through her soul
With goodness, guarding all its aims and strokes.

Allene had loved all things, the least no less
Than she had loved the greatest; But 't was not
An impulse, only sentiment at best.
But love had cast aside abstractions now,
And sought out for its object one fair youth;
Nay, not a youth; he was a youthful man;
No stripling, striding through his tiresome teens.
A woman's weakest and her strongest lines, are met

At sharp right angles over love,
And form the corner into which she 's led
With unresisted force, by nature's guide.
The choice that Allene's love had made, was not
So well determined, nor so wisely made
As one would hope to see a genius make.
Her lover had a smooth, white face;
But noble lines were nowhere to be traced
Upon its woman's fairness; still, his eyes
Were clear and liquid as the June-day skies;
Soft tenderness, and trembling passion spoke
In lover's whispers from their boundless depths,
And sent swift thrills of fire all quivering thro'
The clinging being that they sought and charmed.
Who has not felt the magic of soft eyes—
The lightning thrill, and then the languid charm,
The yearning and the ardor they create?
Electric orbs, both by the soul employed
To transmit messages no tongue could speak;
They hold their object helpless as a prisoned dove,

When in their depths there dwells the power of love.
'T was through such power that Allene's heart was touched,
And by fine words her intellect was reached—
For Allene's lover had the gift of speech;
Sweet, winning speech, and graceful compliments
Were in her presence full at his command.
His mind, too, might have been of noble cast,
And capable of great expansion; but
He cared not for the nobleness of life—
Its pleasures were the only prize he sought,
And finding them, he counted them but naught.
An empty, idle, sluggish life was his;
He was a dilettant and beau;
A polished poison slow, and nectar sweet,
By men hated, women idolized,
And small, rude boys exposed to taunts and scorn.

But Allene viewed him thro' love's magic glass,
That quite concealed his many glaring faults,

And magnified his virtues many times.
She loved with all the fullness of her soul—
Devotion's earnestness, affection's warmth,
The violence of passion, all were there
To perfect this first impulse of her soul.
Two summers and two winters came and went,
And these were happy, faithful, loving still;
The August moon, the starry, winter sky,
The buds of May, and autumn's russet leaves
Returning, found them wiser in love lore,
But nearer love's inevitable end.
His was a shallow heart, exposed to shocks
Of feeling that o'erran its narrow bounds,
And when the spell had passed, it left behind
An empty heart, devoid of happiness.
While yet they trod the upper heights of love,
Hand clasped in hand, and lips together pressed,
He wearied of the ever-deepening charm
That led him on beyond his nature's might.
Love was exhausted in his narrow heart—
For she had led him far beyond his depths.
Allene saw blindly how her idol fell

From her a ruined deity, dissolved
Into the grosser elements of earth;
And as her love grew faint, she saw with clear
And penetrating vision, gilded flaws
All o'er the surface of his character.
Where love had painted virtues, there was left
Naught but the nude deformity of sin;
All that had been to her most happy, now
Was changed to deep disgust and stinging scorn.
Well did she grieve to see love worn and dead;
She sorrowed for love's sake, and grieved and wept;
But for its object felt no burning pain.
She drove the shattered idol from her heart,
And purified by tears the tarnished shrine,
And locked the temple with a golden key,
Forged by the fire of love and pain and loss.
Allene drooped not like some fond creatures do;
She wore no mourning in her countenance,
Nor moved less airily, nor seemed less gay;
For, since she saw her error with new eyes,
She knew how far beneath her flight he moved,

And wondered how her love had held him up
Above his mind's low course so patiently.
They parted, and he never knew
If he was loved or loathed—'t was her revenge
To hide her feelings from his curious gaze,
And live as though the past had never been.

Experience sometimes may make us wise,
When all else fails to unveil our eyes,
Tho' granite its nature be.

THE POET'S DELAY.

My mind, at times,
Strives like a winged prisoner to burst
The cold, black, iron gates that cage in thought;
The myriad forms of nameless beauty float
In bright reflection on my mind, that seeks
To push them to expression's ringing verge;
But can not carry them so far beyond
The native place of their creation. There they
lurk

Within the boundaries of their place of birth,
Like timid children, all too much afraid
Of change to venture from beneath the eaves
That bound the roof of their paternal home.
But these frail children of my brain are not
Like those in all regards; for these would go
Beyond the front yard gate of silence;
But for poverty of dress, they wait within,
Trembling from sense of their own nudeness.
Dreams and stirring thoughts sometimes
Do strike so hard upon my mind's keen sense,
They make me wonder why the deep-dealt blow
Wakes not some sweet, prolonged, reflected sound,
In form of language, clear and well-defined.
The echo speaks; but lingers in my brain,
Where rings the shapeless, wordless, voiceless strains,
Until I crave to stop my mind's worn ears
From sounds that, irrepressible and swift,
Beat in upon this tired hearing still.
Sometimes great floods of feeling wash to shore

The tangled wreck of thoughts that took
Poor refuge in the various-hued *debris*
Of language. My full soul at high-tide swells
Above, and far beyond, the slippery beach—
The brain on which emotions ebb and flow.
I can but hear the sound of onward waves
Of feeling all too deep and indistinct
For me to catch and reproduce again
Upon the strings of the sweet-sounding lyre;
Hence, I would learn the alchemy that molds
The dull, soft gold of silence, such as this,
Into sweet, silver-sounding tongues of speech.
So much I dream and feel and know
Is nameless, and too large to clothe in words—
The drapery of words that I might use
Will not define the form to which they cling;
Nor will they quite reveal it; they but mar
The perfect outlines with their clumsy weight.
That which I may, that will I strive to do;
Preserve the forms of beauty that I see,
Retain the sounds of song that come and go,
And treasure up within the treasure-house
Of memory the relics of each flood

Of stranded thought; and when the place
Of keeping holds such secrets as are sweet,
When sounded in full choir to alien ears,
Then, when thoughts shapeless, and at most
half-grown,
Have merged into the perfect and maturer
form
That claims quick utterance, speech will strike
With silver hammers all the barriers down,
Nor stammer at the relics found within.

April 23, 1888.

AMONG THE WATER LILIES.

[November, 1888.]

It was half-past five, and the long, lambent shadows lay peacefully upon the terraced lawn that stretches from the hotel piazza down to the pebble-bordered lake shore. One merry group of girls and boys were still waving their tennis bats in the sunlight, and here and there, under the broad shade of a leafy elm, sat a demure maiden, with an open, unread novel. It was the hour of customary retirement at the L—— House. Dames and belles, in out-door toilets, sprinkled with spray from the lake, or powdered with the dust of field or highway, had sought the cool comforts and private pleasurers of their *boudoirs*, and were donning the dreamy whites and airy gauzes of evening wear. It was the hour, too, when faithful nurses performed vigorous ablutions upon the dirt-darkened roses on baby cheeks, and the

plump, sticky little fingers that had just been tracing hieroglyphics in the sand. The fifty smiling waiters, liveried in spotless, white aprons and white cravats, were commencing to congregate in the large, airy dining-room, with its twenty windows commanding a view of the lake. These waiters often opened their "evening service" with song, and a quartette was singing now, with striking effect, "Old, Black Joe." The loiterers on the lawn listened, and the clerks in the office caught the strains, and listened admiringly for a moment, forgetful of their duties. Ere long, the last notes from the colored quartette melted softly away, and all was quiet again. It would have been difficult for one newly arrived, to realize how much vivacity, gayety and hilarity awaited adown the quiet corridors of that vast summer hotel—the flash of lights, and swell of the orchestra. Half-way down the lawn stood two girlish figures, half in sunlight, half in shade, and already dressed for evening. Longingly they gazed out over the beautiful, unruffled surface

of the gleaming lake. Presently, Ida Haverly turned, and spoke imploringly to her sweet-faced companion with the shining red gold hair: "Please, do go out with me, Zephyr, it is so warm and so early yet, I feel sure that if your mamma were here, she would advise you to take a row; you know she is always so indulgent." "And that is the greatest reason why disobedience is inexcusable in me," replied Zephyr Stone, feeling, at the same time, that it was hardly an act of disobedience that Ida requested of her. It was not yet six, and Zephyr was privileged by her parents to stay out on the lake until that hour; so the going out involved no trespass; but Zephyr knew that Ida would not be satisfied with a ten minutes' row, and she was reluctant. Mr. and Mrs. Stone had gone to Niagara that morning, and would not return for several days. Zephyr had no fear of being detected at her adventures; but her training made her fear to do a wrong. But as this was only a half wrong, and without "the appearance of evil," she finally

consented to go. Ida hastily made her way to her room, and returned with a pretty, embroidered, silk shawl, leaving Zephyr without an explanation of her sudden flight. "I shall not need a shawl," said Zephyr, somewhat puzzled, as Ida tossed the shawl lightly into her arms. "You do n't intend to stay out late enough to realize the need of a wrap, I hope? If you do, I can't go." "I thought you always carried a wrap, in order to be prepared for emergencies," explained Ida, "and I knew I could get mine quicker, and with less difficulty, than you could get yours. I did it as an expression of my appreciation of your consent to go. Where are your suspicions now, 'dearie?'" "Where they were before you made that explanation, I suppose; they have n't been with me at any time," answered Zephyr, as she stepped into the pretty little cushion-seated row-boat, which was her private property. "The oars are in the boat-house, Ida, and I do n't think we can get them in less than half an hour. They are held down under a

heap of rubbish. You had better get another pair quick, for I'll not go after it strikes six. The oars were quickly secured, and made such strong, rapid strokes, under the control of Ida's skillful hands, that ere the clock on the chapel chimed out six, the two fair truants were beyond the reach of its tones. Out upon the smooth, shining surface of the water, they seemed to glide, so true were the strokes of the oars. The glow of exercise and pleasure beamed from Ida's pretty face; but Zephyr's was pale and pensive with apprehension. "I never saw you row with such vigor and earnestness before, Ida. One would think you were rowing a prize race, to see the expression of your face, and the motion of your oars. What inspires you so, anyway?" "Wait awhile, and you shall see. I have a motive, of course, else I should be enjoying the beauties of sunset with you, instead of working like a paid boatman. Just look, we are already opposite B—— landing, and that is half a mile above ours. Can you see the lily-beds yet, Zephyr?"

"Yes; but they are a mile beyond B——. I I hope you don't think of going that far up the lake, Ida? As a friend, I trust you too much to think you will take advantage of my kindness in that way?" "I will turn back this very moment, if you wish me to, Zephyr," said Ida, whose sensitiveness was aroused by what Zephyr had just said. "But, really, if you knew why I am rowing so fast toward the water lilies, I think you would sympathize with my efforts." "Well, do open your heart to me at once," exclaimed Zephyr, half-playfully. "You know how the Hansons have the water lily monopoly," began Ida. "They seem to feel that it 's robbery for anyone else to get one; they have been coming up here as early as six a. m., and getting all the pretty, white lilies that were open. Well, yesterday Ellen Leslie and her brother were too early for the Hansons, and when they cut through the bed at six o'clock a. m., they found it had been visited by earlier guests; so they concluded to change the hour of their visits. I will tell you

how I know. I was sitting on the piazza, after dinner, and I heard Daisy Hanson tell her married sister that they were going up after supper to-night; for it is moonlight, she said, and they could see the lilies very well. She said such spiteful things about people's insolence and trickery, meaning Ellen and her brother, of course, that it aroused my resentment, and I promised myself to prove to her that there was somebody else who was insolent enough to gather water lilies." Ida paused, as though at the close of a tale that is told. Zephyr sighed, threw the shawl about her shoulders, and gazed vacantly out over the lake to where a sail-boat seemed to hang like a mirage between wave and sky. It was Sam, the old, colored sailor, who was vainly tugging at her sails. "Sam seems to be destined to stay out awhile, does n't he?" remarked Ida, noting the object of Zephyr's interest. "Yes," replied Zephyr, "it is the old maxim verified, 'One's loss is another's gain'; it 's splendid rowing for us; but slow sailing for Sam," and

Zephyr thought how her unhappiness had contributed to Ida's pleasure. "Well, since it is decided that the water lilies must be reached, I 'm glad we are so near," said Zephyr, as they approached the shore "where the water lilies grow." "Gladder than I am?" gasped Ida, inquiringly, as she dropped her oars for a moment's rest. "Is n't it fearfully warm, or am I heated with exercise?" she continued to inquire. "I 'm no judge of the temperature of the atmosphere, for I am always cold," answered Zephyr, shrugging her shoulders under the fairy weight of Ida's shawl. "I hope you are not exhausted, for if we stay here long I shall be thoroughly chilled." Ida took up the oars again, and they were soon in among the water lilies. Zephyr gathered them, while Ida managed the boat. It was a task to Zephyr to reach down the long, slippery stems of the lilies, thro' the thick, stagnant water in which they grew. But she finished her task bravely, and then exultingly exclaimed, "There is not a white lily left, to tempt the ravished gaze of

the unfortunate Hansons to-night. Let us get back, now, before they start, and the disappointment will be mysterious to them—they will think the very fates and fairies are against them." Meanwhile, Ida had made several desperate strokes without making much progress; the standing lake weeds and floating weeds, made rowing very difficult among the water lilies. Ida, at last, put out all her strength in one powerful stroke. The boat moved about three inches, and then settled back to its former position. It had struck against one of the big water lily roots that arch up thro' the water, and yielded to the shock. Again Ida threw out all her strength in her desperate efforts at the oars. This time the boat moved slowly forward, farther than before, but the weight of the weeds on the oars was an unavoidable impediment in the way of Ida's progress. "That was better," said Zephyr, while Ida busied herself at the entanglement of her oars. For, although Zephyr was always predicting danger, she was even hopeful when

it came. "Make another move like that and we'll be free," she said, in a way of encouragement to Ida, who was now beginning to fear even improbable dangers, and in her excitement and eagerness she put forth such a stroke as she could never have made under more calm circumstances. "Oh! oh!" came in broken gasps from both girls simultaneously, when, as the oars came to the surface, the left one bent, cracked, and broke under its enormous load of water-soaked weeds. Ida found, upon examination, that the oar showed an old flaw in the wood, and had probably been cracked for some time. It had broken off just where it began to widen for the paddle, and was rendered perfectly useless. "I guess we are about as helpless as Sam in his sail-boat," murmured Zephyr, gloomily, assuming a dreamy air. The shock had thrown her into a state of vacancy, rather than excitement. With Ida the effect was different. She was eloquent with regret and terror. "Oh," said she, in a gush of remorse, "I can never get forgiveness for bring-

ing you out here, Zephyr. Do wrap yourself as good as you possibly can, with my shawl. Maybe it won't hurt you so very bad to be out. We won't have to stay here very long, for the Hansons will soon be here, and they will certainly see to our rescue." "They may change their plans, though, and not come until morning," suggested Zephyr. "Oh, Zephyr, don't make such frightful intimations; it chills me to the heart to think of your staying out here all night; but it 's foolish to fear such improbabilities. I can see no reason why they should change their plans in so short a time." "It is a question of time," murmured Zephyr, as she posed herself quite comfortably on the cushioned seat she fortunately occupied. "They will not arrive before night, if they should come, will they?" inquired Zephyr. "No, dear," answered Ida; "but do spare me the pain of hearing that despairing 'if.' Of course they will come. Why, what could prevent them?" "Something unforeseen might," suggested Zephyr. Slowly, softly the twilight

darkened the amber tints of sunset, and invisibly the shades of twilight melted into silver radiance beneath the beams of the "Queen of Night," that reigned from the zenith. The two white-clad figures, who sat among the water lilies like fairy sentinels, were silent and motionless, except when they started at the shrill and sudden note of some lone night bird that had ventured near, unconscious of any human presence there, or when a frog would plunge heavily into the lake from the shore. An hour passed and no boat appeared to the prisoners of the lake. Zephyr was resigned; at least she appeared to be; but Ida, in the intensity of fear and remorse, was restless and alert, always peering about for the means of relief. Another hour dragged heavily on, and still they waited, listening breathlessly, and hearing nothing but the faint sound of the waves as they softly swept the shore. "Have you any idea what time it is, Ida?" inquired Zephyr, at the close of two, painful hours. "I've a strong feeling that it is time we were

being relieved of this most awkward and dangerous position," answered Ida, in a voice that betrayed ill-suppressed displeasure, fear and remorse. "Perhaps I can see the time by the moonlight," she continued, taking her little, jeweled watch from her belt, and holding it in the strongest accessible light. "It's twenty minutes past eight," she said, gloomily, after a long examination of the truthful, little timepiece. "I can't believe that we are doomed to spend the night here; the idea is too preposterous to retain against hope." "Look up the lake!" exclaimed Zephyr, as Ida ceased speaking. "It's the excursion boat," shouted Ida, as it steamed down the lake with its gorgeous imitations of all the colors of the hope-inspiring rainbow. It was splendidly lighted with various-hued lights, and glided over the peaceful, moonlit waters, in an atmosphere rich and electrical with music. How grandly she moves along! filling the air with the sound of her gayeties and pleasures. "Isn't she majestic? She seems to realize

the vast responsibility of lives that are entrusted to her keeping. I always did feel like a boat was a living thing; it's a preposterous whim; but there is so much ease, power and grace in its motion, that I feel that it must be the issue of a hidden life somewhere," eulogized Zephyr, as she aroused from the state of vacancy to which she had yielded. "There *is* life there—a living man at the wheel—else she could n't make such graceful movements," answered Ida. By this time the boat was directly opposite them, and Ida, after detaching her pretty, white, *moire* sash from its attachments, waved it frantically, to attract the attention of the excursionists. There was a ball on board, in which the passengers all participated, and for some unknown reason, "the man at the wheel," too, was blind to the fluttering signal of distress, that was hoisted in hope and lowered in despair. Unmindful of other's miseries, absorbed in their own pleasures, on went the merry, dancing crowd on the proud, old steamer, leaving behind the yearn-

ing hearts and longing eyes of Zephyr Stone and Ida Haverly. Although the day had been oppressively warm, the night was chilly, as it always is on the water. The atmosphere about the water lily beds was foul with malarial poisons, and the green, stagnant water emitted a most offensive odor. "The cold is n't half as unpleasant as the impurities of the atmosphere; I feel as tho' I shall choke," said Zephyr, hoarsely, when they were again left to the loneliness of their surroundings. They were not, naturally, timid girls, and feared no unreal dangers, such as some hideous, unimaginable monster, hid in the bushes, ready to leap out and devour them; but they realized the inevitable danger of a night spent on the lake in an open boat. When ten o'clock came, bringing no relief, Ida's hopes died within her, and anger, momentarily, took the place of remorse. "It 's all the fault of those hateful Hansons," she said, bitterly. "In the first place, I should not have insisted upon your coming out with me, if I had n't overheard that spiteful remark

Daisy Hanson made, and then, to think they would fail to come when their coming would result in some good for the first time." "You seem to forget that they are ignorant of all that," answered Zephyr. "I've no doubt that they would row up here, even now, if they knew of our misfortune; it's only the reward of my disobedience, instead of any fault of theirs; but I shall do well to keep still in this night air, so don't think me sullen because I am silent, dear." And Zephyr wrapped the shawl more closely about her, and, adjusting her position slightly, prepared herself for the comfortless hours of that long, cold night. Poor Ida! her suffering must have atoned for her folly. All night she sat silent and helpless in the full presence of the trouble her rashness had caused, and with no other company than Zephyr's gentle silence, and her own unhappy, repentant thoughts. She was beginning, now, to feel that she was more blameworthy than the Hansons. "It was no affair of mine," thought she, "if Daisy Hanson did cheat

everybody of their chances for water lilies; I did n't care for the flowers, anyway; my motive was mean, and it has resulted in disaster. If I were the only one to suffer the penalty, she thought, how slight it would be—too slight for the wrong done, I suppose." Such was the character of Ida's thoughts, as she sat watching the patient, forgiving creature she had so thoughtlessly injured. The two had been school chums from early childhood, and were loving, devoted friends. They expected to graduate together the next summer, and beyond that, they had plans laid that reached across the sea. Zephyr had a brilliant mind; but a delicate *physique*. Once she had been forced to leave school and seek a change of climate, she being always susceptible to cold. Ida, knowing Zephyr as she did, could easily image the result of that night's adventure, and many were the sorrowful scenes that passed before her in fancy, ere the light of day dispelled the sombre imagery of that sad night. Morning came at last, like a flaming rescuer to the

two dew-drenched girls, who had seen sunset and sunrise from the same prison grounds. The thirsty sunbeams soon drank up the sparkling dew, and warmed the cold, comfortless creatures it had chilled. "How tired and worn you look!" said Zephyr, in a hoarse, half-whisper, when the full morning light revealed Ida's changed face. "And how awfully hoarse you are!" returned Ida, much distressed. "I feel as tho' I was paralyzed," answered Zephyr; "I am numb all over, either from being chilled, or from keeping the same position so long." "A boat! a boat!" shouted Ida, as Zephyr ceased. A row-boat was coming toward them, and it was occupied by Daisy Hanson and her friends. Fortunately they were rowing with four oars, and soon were among the water lilies, and in speaking distance of Ida and Zephyr. "They have taken all the nice ones," said Daisy Hanson, in an undertone, that was loud enough, however, to reach Ida, who was beginning to feel a delicacy in asking help of one she had meant to annoy.

But the force of circumstances urged her to act, and she shouted out: "O, Miss Hanson, have you a pair of oars you could spare for our relief?" "Certainly," answered Daisy, promptly. "Are you wrecked?" "Yes, I suppose we might call it a wreck," said Ida. "We have been made prisoners by a broken oar, and, much to our displeasure, have spent the night out here." "How dreadful! what an adventure you have had! You have my deepest sympathy, and with it, my oars," said Daisy, as she passed one pair of her oars over to Ida. "In return, I hope you will accept our gratitude, which is proportionate to our necessity, and your very timely kindness," responded Ida, with deep sincerity. "Please accept of our lilies, Miss Hanson, as the only obtainable token of our thankfulness. They are quite nice yet; I kept them in the water all night," said Zephyr, holding out the lilies to Daisy, who took them quite eagerly, thanking Zephyr for them. The newly reconciled rivals were soon beyond the dangers and difficulties

of the lily beds, and two of them, at least, enjoyed breakfast with a relish unknown before. When their adventure became known, they were the subject of much inquiry and comment. Zephyr was too feverish to care for dinner. Ida attempted to eat; but she choked on the very thought of Zephyr's absence at the table. Each successive day found Zephyr worse, until at last she lay delirious and helpless with typhoid pneumonia. The season was entirely past before she was able to be taken home. She was slow to regain strength, and had a cough that remained after the fever disappeared. Ida came daily to see her, and lingered for hours about her bed, reading to her, or telling her all the school girl gossip she knew would interest her, and doing all she could to alleviate the wrong she had so thoughtlessly done her. "Why, I never thought of it before, Ida, but now it occurs to me that you have not entered school yet this fall," said Zephyr, one bright October day, while Ida was making her customary call. "How could I go

without you, my dearie? It would be like going to a funeral every day. I could not bear it, and then we want to graduate together, you know," answered Ida. Zephyr turned and looked dreamily out at the window that opened to a view of the haze-veiled mountain tops that bounded the Southern horizon. She looked a long time—so long, Ida grew restless; but an instinct made her fear to break the silence of Zephyr's reverie. At last Zephyr took her eyes from the mountains, and, looking Ida full in the face, she spoke very gently: "I want you to make me a vow, Ida—promise me that you will not allow my absence to keep you from school next year. Stay at home while I am here; I would be very lonely without you. But next year—I only say this to you, Ida, others would think me weak and foolish—I have a presentiment that I shall not be here then." Ida could not speak; her tears fell "like summer torrents," and her heart heaved like it would burst. A little, dewy moisture glistened in Zephyr's mild, blue eyes; but her

voice was clear, when, after the first violence of Ida's grief had passed, she urged her to make the vow. "You will promise me, wont you?" she said, in such eager, imploring tones, that Ida, whose voice was drowned in tears, came to her, and, bending low over her, whispered, "Yes." Then Zephyr took the tearful face in her thin, white hands, and kissed the lips whose utterance had made her so happy. "There is one thing more I wish you would do *when I am dead*" (the last four words did sound so strange, they seemed to call out a hard, metallic echo that would never die away. Zephyr stopped, and she felt a little, dizzy wave of feeling creep over her; but she fought it off, and continued): "If it will not make you feel too badly, I wish you would have them lay a broken oar of some kind of white flowers across my *coffin lid.*" That same metallic sound made Zephyr almost leave the last words unspoken. She had thought it would be easy to speak of death when the heart was right with God; but the word mas-

tered her. The spirit strove for its human habitation, like Moses, in the oriental story of his mysterious death and burial. But familiarity with sorrow makes us friendly with it.

While Christmas chimes were ringing, the slow, deep tones of a funeral bell broke in upon the happy music of their ringing, and most sorrowful and sincere mourners took the last lingering look at the pure, pale beauty of gentle Zephyr Stone. There was a new, green grave in the cemetery, and a deep-dug grave in Ida Haverly's heart.

Reader, if you have had a friend you loved above all others, fancy, if you can, that your folly has dug his grave, and time has covered it with the green garments of summer, and the snow-shrouds of winter, then you will know better than I can tell you how Ida Haverly atoned for her wrong.

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